

# Maclean's

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Public figures / Private lives







# Interview

With Melina Mercouri

The summer of 1974 was a time of joyous celebration in Greece as the seven-year reign of the right-wing military junta ended and political exiles streamed back to their homeland. Popular composer Mikis Theodorakis (*Zorba the Greek*) was greeted at the airport by the sounds of his own music, which had been banned under the junta. But the warmest welcome—a near riot—went to film star Melina Mercouri, who was greeted shoulder-high through the streets, showered with kisses and carnations and nearly crushed by well-wishers. To Greece she had become a symbol of political freedom. During her exile, Mercouri—the intensely acclaimed for her role as a prostitute with a heart of gold in *Never On Sunday*—was stripped of her citizenship and property because of her relentless criticism of the junta.

Daughter of a lifetime Member of Parliament, granddaughter of a longtime mayor of Athens, it was fitting that she, too, should enter politics. She lost one election shortly after her return but she ran again last November, as a member of the Panhellenic Socialist Party (Pasek)—the time with resounding success. Pasek became the official opposition and Mercouri is a member of its "counter-ministry" for external affairs. She represents the port city of Piraeus—the working-class setting for *Never On Sunday*—but lives with her husband, director Jules Dassin, in the posh Kolonaki district of Athens. She was interviewed for *Melania* by Greek actor and journalist Michael Theodorakis.



**Melania:** In the last election, you received more votes than any other representative of your party.

**Mercouri:** Yes, on the average I finished second in the whole country.

**Melania:** Did women vote for you in greater proportion than men?

**Mercouri:** No. In the previous election, 60% of my votes came from women, but in this election the percentage changed, and it was almost 50-50. On the night of the election I said that the women had chosen me. After that, I got dozens of phone calls from small women in Athens. "What are you talking about, Melina? We voted for you, too!"

**Melania:** As an actress and intellectual, what is your relationship with the people who elected you, the people of Piraeus, the poorest area of Greece?

**Mercouri:** I'm not an intellectual. That doesn't mean that in the theater I didn't study, didn't work hard. But for me, the

My grandfather taught us that money was gained in dirty ways, stolen from the people

term "intellectual" has something distant about it, something I don't find in myself. Everything I learned in my life, the deepest things, I got from people, from dialogue.

**Melania:** Why did the working class elect you?

**Mercouri:** I don't feel I was ever far from these people. I come from a political background, there was something of a "people's" atmosphere in my house. My grandfather was a man who derived his power from the people.

**Melania:** He was mayor of Athens.

**Mercouri:** Yes, for 30 years. My house was always a political house. My grandfather had a personal party. He had a great deal of political power for that time, some 50 years ago.

**Melania:** Wasn't he a political boss of Athens?

**Mercouri:** For sure. He had so much power that whenever he supported or opposed, liberal or conservative, would win. I'm not saying he was always so powerful, but our house was always open to the worker and the doctor. But we didn't have money. My grandfather was possibly the only mayor of Athens who didn't have money. He was a man who said to us, "There are a lot of people who have money, but to me who have glory." He taught us that money was gained in dirty ways, was stolen from the people. From the time I was five years old, there has never been any distance between me



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and the people. This morning, I had a call from a mother whose daughter was drowned in the flood in December," she said. "Her daughter came back during the commemoration mass. The relatives would appreciate it if I gave you that example to show that I'm not just Milton Maclean the actress, the representative. I'm not a goddess, separate from the people. I want to be their friend. I've said like Milton Thendros who has something unapproachable about him. He's the great composer, the symbol."

**Maclean's:** *Thendros is considered a symbol by many people in the Greek left. Yet in the previous election he was surprised by the same district that elected you. How he says he can help you.*

**Maclean's:** I don't know what politicians he makes today or what he'll say tomorrow. According to me, he's not in the state and it's unfair to say that at a time when everyone is bowing at his feet, while the government is offering him everything, and while he is being honored as an other Greek man has ever been. Let's be honest. Makis never accepted his defeat in the previous election. He held a list after his defeat and I think he has many contacts. He looks at everything as a fog. And besides, he has a lot more ambition than I have. I think I know my limits. But Makis is obsessed. When he is conducting five businesses, he starts his conducting the New York Philharmonic.

**Maclean's:** Do you think your American experience, a politically radical actress such as Jane Fonda or Shirley MacLaine, could be elected in a very poor American district?

**Maclean's:** You should try something that will shock Jolie (Basso). I think that a poor area in the United States could send Elizabeth Taylor to the House, but for an extremely different reason. In order to Star for Jolie, if she is the daughter of the President could have married and could have created a party, then probably poor areas of the United States would send Jane Fonda to the House.

**Maclean's:** You're so sure you were Italian about you. You should remember that Roosevelt became almost President of the United States.

**Maclean's:** But would Jane Fonda be elected?

**Maclean's:** No, I don't think so. Because there is no radical party to represent her. **Maclean's:** How are you going to represent the interests of women in parliament? Do many people, Greek society is backward...

**Maclean's:** It's not our fault. We have an especially backward class population. The Greek man is a macho man and he wants a woman who will accept everything, who will even be proud if her husband is entitled to her because it proves his masculinity. Women are in such a low position. I'm not even talking about legislation that has never been passed. I'm not talking about the inequality of divorce, which is easily initiated by the man against the woman, and when it is by a woman, the

man rarely pays alimony. And here in Greece, if both parties don't agree, they have to wait five years for a divorce. But women in every society have their own problems. Take the religious influence, which is connected to abortion. It's not such a sin for a Greek woman to have an abortion. She goes to a good doctor, it doesn't matter if it's legal or illegal. The Greek woman doesn't have that prohibition.



I believe that the greatest revolution of all will come from the United States

logical issues about having an abortion, as an Italian or even an American woman would have.

**Maclean's:** Are you going to introduce a bill that would legalize abortion?

**Maclean's:** Yes, absolutely yes. But there are so many other bills that I believe must pass—equality of work, for instance. It is unacceptable for a man to be paid more than a woman for the same work.

**Maclean's:** You know the way Greek paid social security works. Are you going to fight it?

**Maclean's:** Yes, but it's terrible blaming so many responsibilities—responsibilities for proportionate to my skills. They are imposing obligations. I never asked for a secret and I could change the whole Greek society just because that Melina Mercouri. First, I'll fight, but don't forget that (Constitution) Karolos will have 42% of the deposits (Members of Parliament). We are

going to fight hard, but I really don't know about the results. It's only for beginning. **Maclean's:** It seems strange now that some years ago, you played the lead role in *Cassanova*. *Jolie Stills* which crisis have called a milestone in the formation of the modern Greek movie image. If you were offered that film today, would you do it?

**Maclean's:** Let me tell you a little story I was seeing in media at that time. I had very short hair and everybody called me a tomboy. I was doing Anouli's Melos. How many Melos have I played in my life? Anyway, the writer, Jakob Karamanolis was working on the book and he and I sat in the...

**Maclean's:** I'm going to write a screenplay about you "and be sure. *Jolie Stills* you know, I had a kind of freedom in my movements, in my speech, something that wasn't common for a Greek woman 25 years ago. I got the role because of the event of women I was. It was a film scandal. Even the church denounced me. It was the first Greek film that said "no" to marriage. One of Stills's lines was "I prefer to die than to have you lock me up under your terms. No exit, no penitentiary, no anything—you want to control me!" She was saying so to female characters, the lead that one happened to a woman when she married, or involved with a Don Juan. From the time I was a child, I was a kind of rebel. I remember me and my father talking me. "If only you were a boy," and I would be a little more. "Ah, if you were a boy, I would make you the most beautiful prince in the world." I could see how my mother and her friends were suffering. My mother said to me, "Oh, Melos, you are going to get revenge for us, you are going to punish them." I have felt some positive toward men since I was very young.

**Maclean's:** Did that make you a feminist in the Greek American sense?

**Maclean's:** It's not a matter of feminism. There are men and there are women, but even that distinction became distorted for me. I was a young girl, and the weapon at the time was to be pretty, and I was pretty, right? I was considered all at that time. I was a beautiful girl, antagonistic. I had two attitudes. One was toward other women, they taught us that too that other women were dangerous. I had a kind of contempt for other women. And you were not like this, this is the one thing that we have to struggle against more than anything else in Greece—the hatred women have for each other, the fear that a woman is going to grab our life, that our husband and love is going to be taken by two children. You know it's always an economic matter, a matter of financial dependence on men. And we come back to the structure of society. So there were two things, a contempt for men, and an animosity toward men. "The husband, you'll see what I can do to you."

**Maclean's:** It is well known that your husband suffered a great deal under the McCarthyism. How has he influenced you politically?

**Maclean's:** First of all, when I met him I was



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no longer a girl. I was a 30-year-old woman. I was a successful actress in Athens. I had performed in two well-received films by Chassaniou as well as acting on the Paris stage. Oustin at the time was poor, unemployed, with a wife and two children. When he won the grand prize for best director at the Cannes film festival in 1955 (for *Mytho*), the American ladies were afraid he photographed with him. I was ready, anxious enough to meet a man like him. With Dauris, my old life ended, the life of the upstarts, my little dream, was over. He encouraged me. And he didn't let me only see the beautiful woman I was at the time, but treated me like a comrade. You know, we lived together. He was married. I was married. We decided that if we loved each other we had to use the situation clearly, radically. I have to tell you that Dauris was the first man to disagree deeply with me. He told me, "You are not right. You are not a free woman. You have to live without fear."

**Macdonald:** Was Dauris the one who made you a liberated woman?

**Macdonald:** Yes, that's no doubt. He was the first man who called to me about Marxism. We spent nights and nights together while he explained the relationship of work to production, what a worker is.

**Macdonald:** On the night of the *Metropolis* event in 1957, when the vice-president of the junta publicly denounced you, you made your famous statement, "I was born a Greek and I'll die a Greek." He was born a Jew and he'll die a Jew?

**Macdonald:** I didn't know English very well at the time and I was afraid how to say it.

**Macdonald:** Right after that, the young poetess chairman of the Greek Actors' Union, Paschalis Zervos, appeared as *re-* Macdonald: (Laughing) Yes, they took my *hagare* away. (On Greece we want only perform without a license.) They crushed me off as an anarchist, a prostitute, with the signature of that man.

**Macdonald:** Today, he is a leading actor in the National Theatre, playing major roles, even though he never played such roles before the junta came to power.

**Macdonald:** Yes, he got a dispensation. Actually, I ran into him the summer before that at a festival. He came up to me, shook my hand and started kissing it in a playful, apologetic way, saying, "Melina, forgive me..." I yelled "Go to hell!"

**Macdonald:** There are people who say your party, PASOK, is just another establishment party where Marxist rhetoric is merely a facade.

**Macdonald:** PASOK is not an authentic Greek socialist movement. In voting for it, the Greek people voted for corruption, for dishonesty.

**Macdonald:** How do you, an anti-establishment person, a feminist, feel operating inside an entrenched party?

**Macdonald:** First of all, the struggle doesn't stop because you're no longer. For this reason I asked to be a member of the party's central

committee. And why are we speaking of an establishment party? Why don't we speak about the opposition party? So, we shouldn't have opposition parties? We should let the establishment party anti-establishment talk (apart from without any opposition, without any voice against them)? So, everyone who sits in parliament should be part of the establishment? I'm a protestor, and I'll remain a protestor until the end of my life.



**As a child, I felt two things: a contempt for my own sex and an animosity toward men**

of my life. I have been elected to a democratic parliament to protest this age-old democratic prejudice.

**Macdonald:** Do you believe in the current parliamentary system, or do you want to change that system?

**Macdonald:** I am on my way and a member of the central committee of a party which has as its goal the attainment of socialism by peaceful means.

**Macdonald:** Do you take your job seriously, or do you think you are playing another role in the theatre?

**Macdonald:** Actually, the theatre is a very serious thing. And because as an actress I'm a professional, and because I have decided that I will try my best to be a good one, I think I will be that. Theatre and politics, you know, are both collective jobs.

**Macdonald:** Do you think you are better known in North America as an actress or as a fighter for the freedom of your country?

**Macdonald:** I think people in North America

connect me with Greece. I am happy that through my films, especially *Never On Sunday*, my name has been linked with my country. I love that honor. I love Dauris, a very persecuted American (he directed the film). The American people recognize me and love me as part of Greece.

**Macdonald:** But you have spoken out against Atterberg, Nixon. Ford—the whole American political establishment.

**Macdonald:** There was never a non-establishment in power in the United States.

**Macdonald:** Do you exclude the Carter administration?

**Macdonald:** Yes, with a slightly different shading. Anyway, I don't think Carter is able to offer a solution for such a nation as the Aegean. And the pro-Turkish attitude of the American government is obvious.

No, the progressive currents in the United States have never had any power. And when I speak of such currents, I refer to those people we sat in with in the 1960s, those people full of wrath and hope. It was a movement with a fantastic popular base and it was systematically destroyed by Nixon, by Kissinger...

I don't even want to talk of that moment Kissinger, because he's already a cliché. But I love the American people, like I love all the peoples of the world. If I learned anything from my years of exile, it was to be less chauvinistic. There was a time when I felt very good about Greece.

**Macdonald:** What I want for the American people is that they get together and organize themselves in a socialist movement because the American people deserve something better than two months being pushed around by dogmatists. I believe that the greatest revolution will come from the United States. And something else, the American people should learn how to love. The world is not a baseball game.

**Macdonald:** I think they did learn how to love in Vietnam.

**Macdonald:** No, Julie, Americans never lived under domination. They don't know what it's like to live under Turkish, German, Bulgarian occupation. They don't know how to appreciate freedom, and how expensive it is.

**Macdonald:** That is your interpretation, but it is a misconception. Do you have any idea of the losses during the American Civil War?

**Macdonald:** What is very far from me.

**Macdonald:** We're talking about your people as a politician but neglected your still successful acting career, both on the stage and on film. What play are you rehearsing now?

**Macdonald:** It's called *Capit America* and it is a collection of Brecht's songs, poems and scenes from his plays.

**Macdonald:** What about your new film?

**Macdonald:** I'm acting with Elias Kateras in another Melina film that Oustin has written (working title *Lower And Beyond*). It's about women, about the rights of women. He has used three dimensions: the actress, the female, and the bourgeois woman. I love the film and I'm happy it was made by a friend. It says "no" to injustice and I believe it relates to all women.

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# There's just no way the PQ can win, right? Never bet on a sure thing

Column by Jacques Grenier

Lately get rid of a few diseases. The Parti Québécois will not win the referendum on Quebec independence by some device or strategy, by negating either the wording of the question or the enthusiasm set up to administer the vote. It would be counter-productive; voters would easily see through the ruse and turn against the PQ. Nevertheless, will not.

It is almost certain the question will be relatively simple, along the lines of, "Are you willing to give the Quebec government a mandate to begin negotiations leading to sovereignty for Quebec and an economic association with Canada?" By the time people in Quebec are asked to answer, the PQ will have spent a year or more of intensive effort aimed at taking the sting out of the word "sovereignty." And by that time, too, the opponents of separation, independence, or sovereignty associations may well be trying to divide amongst themselves exactly what it is they want to offer as a viable alternative.

Clearly, the people of Quebec want a new kind of arrangement. Some federates will offer the voice of a new Canadian constitution, including major jurisdictional concessions to the provinces from the federal government. In the category plan someone like Quebec Liberal leadership hopeful Claude Ryan. Others—Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau among them—will argue that co-existing arrangements such as the Suprenant-Côté and the Senate, along with providing a Canadian constitution with an appropriate amending formula, should provide if not a solution to the Canadian dilemma at least a decision as to which to search. Resolving the dilemma under such a banner—and there will be many internal disputes as there are parties and groups on the federal side—will take a lot of time, a lot of energy.

In the meantime, the Parti Québécois will be explaining that some responsibility will come Quebec's (and Canada's) deeply rooted problems up to and possibly including the common cold. "We're not really separating," the argument will run, "we're just trying to get you a better deal." And to show how serious the deal has been to date for Quebec, the PQ will produce a

series of reports on various aspects of Confederation, releasing them timed for maximum public impact. The federalist side will constantly be on the defensive.

The key to the Parti Québécois' victory will be to retain the initiative. Since November 15, 1976 the PQ has kept control of the scene. The party will call the referendum, will dictate the wording of the referendum question, and establish the rules by



which the referendum will be held. There is no reason to think the initiative will change hands, and in election campaigns maintaining initiative generally means success.

But as important as holding onto the initiative is having an efficient organization during the campaign. And with no 150,000 members, the Parti Québécois can field a large, highly motivated force long before its federalist opponents can patch together anything to compete. By the time the federalist groups have agreed on something to put into their campaign literature, the PQ already will have finished several dozen canvassers of the province. By the time the federalist literature is in the mail, PQ workers will be knocking on the doors of undecided voters, ready and willing to spend hours knocking these last little doubts about what were rightly associations really means.

There will be statistical arguments as well. If a voter expresses doubts about the

Quebec economy, the PQ canvasser at the door and Premier René Lévesque in the television set will show that investment in Quebec has actually increased since the PQ took power. If there are doubts about unemployment, there will be statistics to show the Quebec government has spent more to create jobs than the federal government to create jobs. And so on, and so on. On questions about hotel offers moved out of the province such as the Six Life Assurance Company, there will be emotional appeals along the line of, "Well, you know they were just exploiting French Canadians. They didn't give them the good jobs or anything. Quebecers better off not call them." In any case, any serious negative economic effects caused by companies moving or closing to invest would not be felt until after the referendum, and nobody will see it until the patch before they cast their ballot.

While the federalist side to gain the discussion consequences of independence for Quebec, the Parti Québécois will appeal to the voters' sense of romance, of the glory of setting up a new country. There will of course be appeals to create a new Canada outside the framework of Confederation. There will be expressions of love and affection for Quebec from other parts of the country. But in the days before the referendum, the attention of Quebecers will be directed within, and only a few of those expressions of friendship will ever reach the voter. But let a single person anywhere in Canada whisper, as Jack Andrew, that the only contribution Quebec ever made to the betterment of Western civilization was the St. Denis, then just watch how quickly that message gets to the Quebec voter.

Despite the constant and vigorous refrain that Quebec will never leave the Canadian Confederation, there are some fairly serious people already expressing pessimism about the country's two cultures. Among these are even members of the federal government's Unity Task Force. And small wonder. Governments—and the Parti Québécois government is no exception—do not call a referendum if they do not think they can win.

Jacques Grenier is Quebec City's editor of the *Journal de Québec*.

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# Letters

## Second best is simply not good enough

Reading *The Mirror Weekly* (January 23) is becoming painfully obvious that Robert Miller's reviews are pro NHL and that he knows or regards both of the wins. Miller



Home: yeh, but could he make it in the NHL?

says that "Geoffie Howe is having the time of his life. He's also playing some crack hot hockey. What is what is a somewhat less-than-excellent league." I'd bet my bottom dollar that, were the real and the wins to merge, you would not find one of the greatest wins franchise to any of the last four places in the new combined "super league." In a quote attributed to Don Cherry, Boston Bruins coach, Miller says: "The age of the superstar, except for Guy Lafleur, has passed." I find (but Bobby Hull is playing the best hockey of his long career now. And what about Winnipeg Jets' two super-Stanley Cup winners and Andrus Hergert, the two players the win clubs are climbing over one another to sign? Miller also makes reference to the win's "Super Series '78." Don't it say anything

when Curt Kenney's team can't compete, more often than not, against the supposed best professional league team in the world? Miller explains to me that this is the Winnipeg Jets' first win since they were well-respected.

WOLF D. FRICK, WINNIPEG

### Reporter, finally!

I don't believe that I am suddenly discredited about criticism but I am dismayed by what seems to me to be a deliberate and rather unfair attack against *The Gazette* in David Thomas' *No News Is Bad News* (December 12). The section of the article which purports to assess Montreal's English press by ignoring the larger English paper implies that the editor of *The Gazette*, by committing the unprofessional act of coming here (I'm in Toronto, in a province, staged and insensitive yahoos who have no conception of the French media in which his newspaper operates. The piece is loaded with misstatements and distortions. Thomas asked me about the "crisis" of the Quebec press and reported that I replied: "What crisis?" Thus, he observed, accused my "newspapermen" the neglected to note that my full response was: "What crisis? I don't believe it's a crisis." In short, I was not "bewildered." I was simply declining to accept his hypothesis. From Thomas writes that reporters who left *The Gazette* in the past year were replaced by recruits from Ontario. "Idiot journalism" is said to be essential. Not true. Formerly 15 reporters have been hired in the past year. Of these, two came from Ontario and both were not only bilingual but were native Quebecers. From Thomas refers to "the inability of Geoffie's management to

read competing newspapers." Not true. Virtually every member of *The Gazette's* management group either fully bilingual or can at least read the French press with comprehension. This specifically includes senior management in the newsroom, including the editor-in-chief. The column beside the photo on the inside "Harrison" misrepresents language in the pursuit of Anglo-Quebecer rights is, secretly, correct. The clear answer is that I am prepared to tolerate, at least for now, various languages in *The Gazette* if it is aimed at the PQ. Not true. I indicated to Thomas that since Francis Lévesque often used inappropriate language to describe his critics, he should not be surprised if some of his opponents responded in kind. But there was no suggestion that *The Gazette* returned to use of such language. Anyone who knows me would surely scoff at the notion that I am prone to level inappropriate language. *The Gazette's* editorial board, I have been consistently moderate and low-keyed in assessing the Lévesque government.

I might have been tempted to believe that Thomas' article was simply a case of disloyal reporting, were it not for the fact that he is a former member of *The Gazette* reporting staff whose views on what constitutes fair political reporting were quite different from mine. I must also ask whether your readers were so satisfied to know that Thomas was so accurate a reporter of the Parti Québécois that he was awarded a rock—and usually considered a big sensation in the last provincial election.

MARK HARRISON, EDITOR, *THE GAZETTE*, MONTREAL



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# Raintamer has arrived



**That's not being, Ma'am**

So Marlene's final "bad" that truly such as having a woman appear on the U.S. dollar coin are "taken seriously" (Preview, January 23). You imply that this is made easier by the fact that the woman chosen might even turn out to be a suffragette (Ye Godd!). Presumably to alleviate its readers' shared grief at the perverse state of today's priorities, it then darts a fit to reward us with a lethal dose of comic relief by suggesting a "Let Us Now Praise Famous Women" ode with a tongue-in-cheek "In Goddess We Trust" coin upon which a mockingly modern Marilyn Monroe is frantically trying to hold onto her persona. What was really exposed in these purportedly witty lines, however, was none other than Marlene's almost obvious lack of sensitivity in the treatment of its female readership's intelligence.

MARTHA EL SCARBOROUGH ONT

**His years to 1986—and counting**

The full splendor of Viewdata, as you describe it (What? On The Tube Tonight, Don't Everything (January 9), have indeed led to ask us. With this "innovative" piece of technology, here is my prediction for the "miraculous" future. With everything shown on Viewdata's screen so one will have to go anywhere to get information or news. People will have more time on their hands and boredom, when the word of crime, will be in. There will be no jobs for printers ("electronic mail"), newsmen ("the door-to-door newspaper is dead"), and countless other little and big jobs which provide people with money and a feeling of worth will be gone. Isn't modern technology wonderful!

DANNA CARTWRIGHT LONDON ONT

**in the same space**

I left the film *Clear Encounters Of The Third Kind* (June, December 26) feeling like an alien. The critics loved the film, the Toronto reviewers were unanimous on their praise and my friends urged me to go. Sloppy was the first adjective that came to mind—followed by vulgar, slapstick and saccharine. Was I so lost alone in considering this "film of the century" a mere soap opera, illuminated only by neon and Pictograph special effects? No. My compliments to David Cobble for putting the picture. We are not alone.

ERINOR WOLFE TORONTO

**The shuffling of the President**

While I'm not the world's most ardent defender of Jimmy Carter, I was nevertheless interested in Walter Secor's assessment of Carter's first year in office in *A Crucial Look At Jimmy Carter's First Year* (January 9). To all Carter's staff's pay increase "accusations" and to say that his known rights campaign left "nothing behind but the corpse of the sick U.S. president" is a insult. Also to attack strongly almost every major national politician of the past 25 years

and then offer Alvin Stevenson in the lone column is questionable reporting and judgment at best.

MATT SMITH VICTORIA

**Don't think evil**

Allen Fotheringham's *Why Keeping Your Money In An Old Bank Is An Inevitably Bigger Deal* (January 23) on banks is a house top to bottom. I suggest he read as young men without university degrees to try different bank looking for a job and see how many get paid a newspaper's desk. That chance of getting work are very low. To some degree this also holds true for females, although their chances

of being hired are a little better.  
E. R. CLARK, BRAMPTON ONT

A sentence in Allen Fotheringham's column on banks described me. "That is Canadian banking, the utter mindless with the boardroom culture." A writer is a public relations person with a tough job. One must deal pleasantly with persons constantly whatever the circumstance. In this must be accurate with all cash and book-keeping transactions. The work is physically demanding as well as mentally crushing. I wonder what Fotheringham meant?

MARCO WERNER LONDON ONT

**BENEDICTINE AU COGNAC**

**You have great taste.**

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# We were just taking pictures of a wedding in Crete when...



The father of the bride asked us to join in the fun. Join them we did, for two solid days of laughing and eating and dancing and being Greek. That was our introduction to the ancient island kingdom of Crete, home of the dead Minoan in his labyrinth.

It wasn't what we expected. Word had been told that the best way to really see Crete was by bus. So we did, and met the friendliest people wherever we went, and saw more of the countryside than I'd even hoped to. Everywhere, it seemed we were invited to waterski, slide, dive, swim, sail, charter a cottage, or just relax in the sun on miles of deserted beach.



I think this is where the wedding took place...we saw so many churches!

Well, almost deserted, from time to time, we shared our stretch of beach with a couple of sunbathered little boys in search of buried treasure. Or with a family that, with shy smiles and broken English, told us they thought a rather nice we'd chosen Crete to visit.



We took this shot shortly after dawn, as we had the beach to ourselves.



In Heraklion, we visited the Archaeological Museum where we saw frescoes dating back to the days of King Minos. In the city itself, we were



stunned by its contrasts. One view might be dominated by proud Venetian buildings, another by a busy shopping promenade, yet another by a peaceful village square ringed with quiet cafes.

By day, we immersed ourselves in the history of the island.

By night, we visited the island's tavernas and were caught up in the atmosphere created by a people who exist to enjoy life.

The people of Greece make a holiday more than just sight-seeing and sun.

The people of Greece want you to visit. Not just once, but whenever you can...just as you do with friends.



This is one of the places we stayed...typical of Cretan hotels.

Greece is a country with everything under the sun. And everything is yours to share.



Tucked away on a small side street, we found this craftsman practicing his traditional art.

## Greece



Everything under the sun.

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USA 35

## Preview

Just think, someday Hollywood may be known as 'Toronto South'

The recent success story that in the Canadian film industry hardly needs reeling, and if Zale Magder's lunch at night, things will get even better before (or if) they get worse. Magder, best known as a cinematographer (*Shogun*, *War Between the Tides*) but also showing in some of the off-camera work that goes into film making, has sunk \$2.5 million into the new studio, largest (1.5 acres) film studio in

Magder and a model of his new studio: the making of a mogul?



the country. Situated in a Toronto suburb, it will be finished in April. Magder expects it to be in full-time feature film production thereafter. He's been in Hollywood and New York, and has people over from Paris, but the business being what it is, he was still loath to talk about what movies are likely to be made there.

### One for the price of five

Some of us—including a handful who are still ambulatory in possession of many of our faculties—remember the 10-cent comic. It was 84 action-filled laugh-filled pages long. (They dropped to 32 pages—still a bargain—in



A 1950 'Superboy' golden aging

coincide with the opening of the Marlon Brando *Superman* movie, and that DC got buried when the release date was postponed from June to Christmas.) In fairness, DC is also increasing the size of its comics, from 32 pages to 40.

### Joak 'n' Roll

In what probably a leadup to *Celebrity Brass Surgery* (Mick Jagger and O.J. Simpson vs. Billie Jean King and Duane Shoup for the superstars' laboratory championships) a television special is being prepared which will have pop stars staged against one another in athletic competition. The NBC special, called *The First Annual Rock 'n' Roll Sports Classic* will be taped in California in March and broadcast in the spring. It will feature folks like The Jacksons, Seals & Crofts, Lynn Anderson, Sha Na Na and Gladys Knight (replete with Pimp in some 20 events—track, field, swimming, basketball, etc.). The athletic abilities of most of the performers may be suspect, but there is one participant who should do rather well: Our Own Anne Murray, yep, will recall, started her adult life as a gym teacher.



Murray: ya never really lose it

### When in doubt, ask the experts

There's an old saying (or, if there isn't, there should be) that if you want to know about water, send a fish. What is precisely being done when a fish is introduced to polluted water—or vice versa—is a little rough, which burns out the offending particles. So part of the pollution control of the future will very likely be concerned with something as simple as



a holding tank and a few fish. But not just a few. The cost of analyzing effluents is sometimes prohibitively expensive, the coughing fish (they are extremely sensitive, actually, able to respond to traces of 1 or 0.1 parts per million of some metals) can inform scientists and technicians when problems are arising. There's also an historical precedent: the use of catarfish to detect the presence of dangerous gases—by dying.

# Canada

## The final days of Francis Fox

Francis Fox eyed the reporter's notepad as the *Act Canada* OC-9 moved the Rockaway suite from Bayview to Cabbagetown. He'd been manning gingerly as away Catholic politician, but such irregular attendance at mandatory Sunday mass, but he agile asked asked abruptly to his heavenly round church going society lady into Montreal "MCC," "that won't sound very good in my ending. Let's say I consider myself a practicing Catholic."

One week later, almost to the hour of the conversation, Fox's conduct was primarily irrelevant to his treatment in his own name as a scholar general to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. The two had learned—in a letter whose authorship and motivation may never become public—that Fox had a dating affair with a married woman who became pregnant before he married the cabinet in September 1975, and that Fox left himself open to a charge of infidelity because he signed her husband's name to a consent form at the hospital where she had a legal abortion.

In the chilly atmosphere on Parliament Hill there was genuine and widely shared sympathy with Fox. Of course, because no policy planners knew they could have been victims of similar circumstances Fox's problem, which arose after his marriage began to break down about four years ago and after he launched into a career restless sowing of oats, served to underline the extent of public life over following story. Marriage trouble has become a common feature of life in Parliament Hill—so it has to the society at large.

The scandal is not just a corporation executive or an assembly-line foreman, a politician's personal life is now the subject of intense scrutiny by opponents and reporters who in the maelstrom Ottawa atmosphere, as no news is news itself, his sexual hygiene. Ottawa Confidential, in fact, has been elevated to a regular Press Gallery beat, along with federal-personal affairs—and there is no doubt about which way sets best, especially since Trudeau's scandalized separation last May

Everything about political life is magnificent, including the opportunity for personal politics. The days and nights are long, the separation from wives and children, the proximity of honest and dishonesty of the opposite sex palpable and, increasingly, the dimensions of the political sphere are acute. Male dominated it is, the political scene also attracts its fair share of groups in the arena of professional sports or rock music. On the PRR, by

ADMITTING



**Date Unknown:** To expedite his lover's abortion, Fox signs her husband's name on the consent form

day at least, away of them can be found behind departmental typewriters. Marc Lalonde, the Trudeau minister and Fox's political godfather in Ottawa was "heartbroken" at his friend's ending. "Being a minister" he observed sadly, "is different from being president of a company. It's not whether it's a criminal offense if whether it's offensive is often helping there is a common mistake of

hypocrisy about it all. While people are too likely cynical about politicians at the same time they expect them never to do any more."

Fox's personal history is a classic of the genre. His marriage to Joan Macauliffe, in 1960 when he was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, was one of those doorway no-movements. But he had given up in the comfortable surroundings of the University of Montreal Royal in Montreal. A product of the Institut des Collèges Jéso de Beaufort, he was a former lawyer from the University of Montreal and Harvard. She was the daughter of a prominent Montreal industrialist who was the top student at the private Catholic women's college, Mississauga, a well-known political person and an ex-grad from McGill.

After Fox spent two years in a Montreal law firm—his father-in-law was Philippe de Grandpré, later a judge of the Supreme Court—and worked with Lalonde in the Prime Minister's office, Joan Fox played an important role in helping an essentially shy guy out of his shell and onto the business in 1972, when he was first elected comfortably in the riding of Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia. Settled in Ottawa, Joan became a close friend of Margaret Trudeau and, while not nearly as dignified, came to play the same independence role Margaret publicly exposed for married women.

By 1974, after Fox's rejection of the role of obedient political spouse, she moved to Montreal where she picked up a diploma in communications from Concordia in 1975, then went off to Paris with a younger man. Early in 1975 Fox, himself divorced, proceedings on grounds of adultery and, when the petition was granted in December 1975, he retained custody of the couple's only child, John, now 16.

Fox, according to one associate, "had the guts, topped out of his" by the right to his personal desires, especially with women, he seemed alone alone, will-progressive, even lovable. He was the most colorful bachelor in Ottawa—and he knew

## Politics makes all kinds of bedfellows

Divorce Ottawa-Style. A small-town lawyer is elected to parliament. His wife stays at home in the riding. His staff rooms and protects her. His wife feels neglected. She swears the bright Young Things that surround him, and should he be a Liberal minister the "Wonderful Wednesdays"—the regular get-togethers for ministerial staff he sent her—should book, as some his women call the red-pinked *Parliamentary Guide*. Eventually he takes up with a much younger secretary or aide. Farewell wife.

In Ottawa, only the fiercest marriages survive. At least three cabinet ministers are separated from their wives—Minister of Finance Paul Cullen, Consumer Affairs Minister Warren Almond and Supply Minister Jean-Pierre Goyer. Some could see members as moving their families to Ottawa, but most on both sides of the House are trying to work up the courage to tell their constituents that the women they saw smiling and posing for the election-night victory photographs are no longer so facile.

But Cullen is obviously candid. His 20-year marriage deteriorated more than a year ago. He'd eventually moved his wife Ann and their three children to Ottawa from Sarnia, Ontario, but that couldn't stop the widening gap in interests and goals. Now 52-year-old Cullen lives with his 34-year-old executive assistant Nicole Beaudoin in private. Liberals criticize him for being indecent. They would like him to be more like Jean-Pierre Goyer, whose marriage broke up several years ago. The fact that Goyer had a common-law wife, Marie-Josée Dupuis, didn't emerge until a year and a half ago when Goyer was in the embarrassing position of having to pay back a free Air Canada pass he had been issued to her. But for all the political talk involved, Cullen is playing it differently.

"One thing I decided was that this was not something I was going to hide," he says. "If people elect me they will have to elect me with all my warts, we are human beings too."

Nicole Beaudoin occupies a spartan office near to Cullen's. She is a divorced mother of two, the product of a strict Catholic background. Last fall Nicole's husband, an Ottawa insurance agent, named Cullen as correspondent in a divorce suit. Nicole's special terror is that although she has worked on the Hill for 12 years, her relationship with Cullen will expose her to gossip and criticism. "I've proven myself," she says. "The only some job I've liked only."

Warren and Pat Almond separated more than a year ago, but they still remain from the upheaval. Pat, a consumer interest adviser for a Montreal bank, merely ruminates. There are people who don't



even know about it. It's not happy news. I just want to go along privately. Almond is a "complex" mess for the age. Their friends say it's another case of the wife left alone too often with three small children. They were married 10 years ago, one year after he was elected to represent Montreal's Notre-Dame-de-Grace. He left it necessary to live at home in the riding, but commuting and a heavy schedule proved unsatisfactory. "You do these things and there you are," says Pat. A perplexed Almond asks: "But doesn't it happen anymore?"

But said Warren Jarvis, with children's sweethearts, married young and had two children. She wasted while he finished law school, and she worked on his first political campaign when he won the third seat in Ontario riding of North York in 1972 for the Conservatives. Doubtful she remained in Stratford while her husband went to Ottawa where he quickly rose to opposition critic of the solicitor general's office. "I'll recall the movers and shakers," Almond says. "God, it's a wonderful life."

Stricken in the riding, Warren hated watching women on television tampering after her husband. You can't compare, she complains. Three years ago Pat told her the 21-year marriage had just slipped away. An exhilarated she'd leaving a woman who works on the Hill. Warren is fighting back—she moved to Ottawa, drove 24,000 miles in one year commuting to and from Stratford and got elected as an Ottawa alderman. "I have any piece of advice for wives of politicians," she says. "It's to be in Ottawa."

ANNE LAFFRANCE

Goyer (top), the still together Warren and Pat Almond separated more than a year ago, but they still remain from the upheaval. Pat, a consumer interest adviser for a Montreal bank, merely ruminates. There are people who don't



Public figures / Private lives



**January 18, 1978:** Courts reads a letter from a 'concerned citizen,' railing Fox

as he once joked with a friend about his new-found visibility as selector general, offering with a twinkle in his eye "It won't" Ironically, of late Fox had become such a non-decent about his personal relationships and appeared less frequently at such favorite haunts as Chez Zou. Zou, the Montreal anglo club where his name could be read in a pastime—and often was.

The prevailing theory at the time was that Fox had been so intimidated by the scandal to see the married woman through their first hospital stay for the abortion. The procedure itself had already been approved under the law when Fox and the woman arrived at the hospital. Presumably, in the anxiety of getting on with a Fox known to signed the husband's name to a letter (Trudeau said later the name held no significance other than as a spouse) "The guy," concluded one witness, "is a party of a noble act."

Fox's downfall was sealed before the same House of Commons television camera that housed him to receive promissory during the affair. That presence prompted the letter that did him in. It was the staff of Greek tragedy. At 38, and after a careful grooming, Fox had emerged as one of Trudeau's few genuine cabinet heroes—"our new superstar," as Liberal campaign boss Keith Davey described Fox at a business party across last fall.

Beyond his visible efforts to run the cabinet general, Fox earned the modern, individual Canadian and he seemed destined for a run at the prime ministership after Trudeau's New Brunswick ascension. His going after scant politeness through the normally steady beams of Trudeau's chosen campaign platform and then a vehicle and selected Jean-Jacques Blais into one of the wildest pendulums in the government (page 32).

Pending a more candid account of what went on—and why—Fox watchmen were left to wander, in the words of the *Choice*, during the last bloody scene of *On the Edge*. "What damn of destiny has hidden you down?" Was it an approved husband or a compromised friend of the woman or of Fox, a Conservative in a hospital, issued notes—or worse someone contacted with the secret? Officially the Force refused the suggestion that the new commissioner, Robert Starnes, was as radical as he on the day of Fox's resignation. He admitted, in a state suggesting it was a nice event, that he was going home to have a good, old laugh.

When the apparatus attached Fox for a cover-up on the scene they they missed the whole point. With his connections his empty office on television his network of Ottawa friends, Fox was the impression of a single-up. He knew everyone, and had no secrets. Two nights before he resigned, he was the main event in a fund-raising dinner at Montreal's Prince-Fox both Hotel. The 150 people who turned out at \$100-a-plate, included the crime de la culture of the Montreal legal community Pierre Lamer and the justice attorney had no hesitation in saying "I'll have a Prince Fox fan club. I'd be president." Even though Conservative Brian Mulroney was away on business he brought up a white table for style.

Fox's 15-minute speech was at least for a while his last one—and he knew it. The day before, January 24, Trudeau had called Fox to his Ottawa office and told him about the media's assault. The man had in his presence. Apparently, the man had confirmed the story himself in a call to the woman. Until Friday, January 27, Fox and his associates as one of them put it, " hoped there would be something to get him off the hook. But by Friday there was no turning back."

With principal secretary Jean Gauthier, the new chief tax fighter, shaking between Trudeau and Fox, the selector general taken-fired and shaking, prepared

## Forgiving them their trespasses

When Francis Fox concluded he had to go, he first decided to go all the way—to resign as attorney, as well as a minister, and to announce that he would never run for parliament again. His closest friends and advisers talked Fox out of such a drastic step and managed to hold out the option of a political comeback. "Francis will be back," one associate predicted. "I have massive support for Fox, including a petition from his riding urging him to stand as a candidate in the next election, indicates he would have little trouble returning to the Commons. But in the emotional days immediately following his departure, Fox was determined to get out of politics and take up a new career. "I've gone," he told a friend early.

For a most immediate concern was the Ontario government's deliberations over loyalty oaths. His 300 friends, he was perturbed that a conviction could strip him of the right to practice law and hence deprive him of a livelihood. Accordingly Fox and the Ottawa people who know the circumstances of his ill-fated trip to the hospital were all keeping as quiet as mice.

If he clears his legal hurdle, Fox may find as other politicians in a jam have found, that law can be a great healer. It has error of judgment had been singular, assessing public opinion would be simple.

**Here, Mulroney (below) and Mulroney (top) a little too much never hurt anybody. Sometimes, in fact, neither did a big one.**



Public figures / Private life



pler. His prospects for political recovery, however, will depend on whether Canadians are prepared to forgive and forget three lapses, his affair with a married woman who became pregnant, his escape from the hospital, his bid to bring the accident to Prime Minister Trudeau's attention when he spent the night.

Recent political history contains abundant examples of individuals who have recovered from worse nights. Teddy Kennedy's Chappaquiddick and René Lévesque's car accident after an involved loss of life yet their political careers continued. In the Commons, one new member, John Gault, George Hume came on as a despite his connection with Gerald Mulroney the alleged prostitute spy who was the central character in the 1966 sex and security scandal.

Further back in history Sir John A. Macdonald's party was implicated in a massive bribery scheme connected with the building of the C.P.R., yet Macdonald was re-elected as prime minister. In the United States, James Michael Curley, the legendary political godfather of Boston, served five months for mail fraud—but when he was freed from prison in 1947, he was greeted by five brass bands, and he served a fourth term as mayor.

The question is Fox's mind, however, is not whether he could come back, but whether he should. His was more than a journeyman minister and simply returning to parliament in the manner of André Gauthier who came back to a junior ministry after a four-month out-of-court conviction, would scarcely satisfy Fox with his big prize denied. And as one associate speculated, his larger possibilities are brushed. That makes it always be there.

JULIANNE LAROCHE/ROBERT LEWIS



**January 24, 1978:** Trudeau calls Fox on the carpet, shows him the letter, says it's confirmed

his resignation. After a weekend of sleep at his Laurentian chalet with his son, Fox returned to Ottawa to write his Commons statement. At the same time Trudeau was cleared with Liberals. Justice Minister René Bédard and Secretary to Cabinet Michael Pridelord were found at 24, Street Drive. While awaiting the test of Fox's remarks, the two men discussed his possible successors.

After his Commons statement Fox escaped into the protective cover of his family but he spent some time

with his river. Mme. Bédard, who works on Trudeau's staff, then drove with her back to the Laurentians. Later Fox's cousin, son, Liz, a housekeeper and part-time French teacher who lives on the West Island of Montreal, joined Fox. His brother, Bob, an Air Canada pilot, drove from Annapolis to Montreal to his parents, a first to a wife who'd recovered a standing ovation in his fund-raiser, attempted to buy his spirit his mother. Finally, a member of the legendary Trudeaue family, urged her son to keep his skin up. "She should have been

**January 30, 1978:** Pridelord, Trudeau, Lalonde and Bédard talk about Fox's successor



When any member of the government is forced into resignation, he loses a piece of his state or his cabinet colleagues. For Trudeau and Lalonde, however, Fox's departure is a special wrench. Fox represented Trudeau's vision of Quebec's new-found federalist. He was a member of a select cabinet committee of senior ministers who are devising changes in the Con-

Tremorously, in light of the tragic ending Fox witnessed on watching his private life from the public. In a recent interview with the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, for example, he urged the reporter not to mention his divorce. Later, Fox reluctantly agreed to a television interview with Peter Dinklage of the Ontario *Globe* network, but only after a concession that the interview would not deal with his divorce or his son. On the morning of his resignation, Fox cancelled the interview. The name of the program—*In Private Life*—

Elton will be kept near the coast in the coming weeks as the opposition, press and various commissions of inquiry pursue such issues as:

• Renewed efforts by a Quebec commission of inquiry to subpoena former documents relating to the 1973 theft of Parti Québécois membership lists. Ottawa has successfully resisted such subpoenas in the past, but the Quebec Court of Appeal is expected to rule shortly on the matter.

- The lingering penitentiary system, also the responsibility of the solicitor general. Mortgage-taking remains a fact of life as some reasons percolate the British Co-

As the Mounties tell the story, one day last April in Ottawa two agents of the Soviet secret police (KGB) offered an RCMP officer "an unlimited sum of money" for information on the force's count-erintelligence activities. The officer's superiors ordered him to play along. These followed seven clandestine meetings be-



tween the Mouste and Igor Varianov, a KGB agent working under cover at the Soviet embassy in Ottawa as first secretary for sports and culture. (Consejo de Oito Jelinek, who was born in Czechoslovakia and joined Varianov as a KGB agent two years ago, says the spy is "au-

admission, less than seven years ago by opening their own schools to protect their young from what they view as the pernicious influence of permanuvians in outside society and, more specifically, from sex education courses. The Alberta government relocated the first school, then two more—but that season when the total reached seven, with more than 250 pupils, the Crown charged 45 Haida men adults with injuries at their new school 50 miles northeast of Calgary. The Haidles must settle their pacific debts and fight back under Alberta's 1972 Bill of Rights.

The latest incident will not likely be the last. Although Canada will almost certainly be more careful in screening future

Ray Vorobeychik of the Womanspeak-based *Armenian Mirror* admits the Mesrobian community at large is horrified by the Haldimand elders' rigidity. "It's an interwoven revival movement which cannot cycle," he says sadly. "The last one was built in the Forties." This time around, so many Mammosh Haldimands have been severed from the church that Vaght Haldimand to the Red Guard preachers in China. The elders of the 2,000 Mammosh Haldimands present at the Chianian Mass but to Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, in which that good doctor of the faith exhorts his flock to "be written some way or not to keep company with them that are called a brother, or a fellow, or a companion, or an associate, or a partner, or a sharer."

Even if the Soviets do stop spying in Canada, something Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau admitted a friendly relations between the two countries have obviously cooled. The latest incident was a step up from trying to improve relations with the Soviet Union," said Trudeau, but it is no doubt will be made more difficult. "In starting, Jameson's plan is he planned trip to the Soviet Union in March and Trudeau's own plan for a return to the Soviet Union is scheduled for 1971 when Trudeau will visit the Soviet Union," he said. "Canada and Canadians would very much like to look to the north as they have looked to the south and see friends in each direction. This month that goal seemed sadly far away."

In public terms, Trudeau is now left with only one French-Canadian minister who can attract a successful vote of people in any province—Finance Minister Jean Chrétien. Trudeau, over the time, does not let his betray his inner feelings. All the traits that dominated his eyes as he emerged from the



Haldeman (an engraving): a kind of trouble

drunkard, or an enterpreneur."

When Robert Frosch, a Sunbury, Manitoba contractor, left the last 30 years ago, the eldest regularly had the last word by commemorating him, but they did not confine the fun on other Haldemans' celebrating with him until two years ago. That set off the damms: one by one, Frosch's brothers and sisters were struck off the Haldeman rolls. Now of the 12 children, only one brother remains and even that widowed mother Mary, 66, suffered excommunication rather than cut herself off from her family.

Mary Frosch's devotion was especially rewarded because by age 93 she remained a devoted Haldeman, and when the eldest tried to unsettle her also. Mary had second thoughts. Her doubts were resolved the month in circumstances that seemed natural to the Haldemans' obsession with the article. Her mother died, and thus, says Robert Frosch, "she's home free."

ROBERT FROSCH

## QUEBEC

### A study in contrasts

At the back of a Sherbrooke hall full of cheering, cheering Liberals who were applauding provincial leadership candidate Claude Ryan and Raymond Giguere, one party member turned to a friend with a smile and said, "You know, I think Ryan's getting off on this." So it seems. After a month of vigorous campaigning, with two months left until the April 15 leadership vote, both the former publisher of *Le Devoir* and the former *Business* finance minister give every indication that they are having a wonderful time.

So far, the two are in a close battle for the job of leader of the opposition in Quebec and leader of the federal fight against

while Giguere's strength is based on strong party loyalists that go back almost 30 years.

The contest has been a fight between "the man of the masses" and "the man of the party" or, as one reporter said a bit wistfully after his third regional meeting: "It's a funny fight—between an old school and a young buck." Ryan must show that he has the partisan press to win a skeptical party faithful who are still bitter about the fact that he defeated the Parti Québécois in the last election, while Giguere has to prove he is more than just a factional technocrat who spent six years in Robert Bourassa's cabinet. Ryan seems to be gaining a slight edge in support at regional meetings.

Ryan (left) and Giguere (below) are far, a far



the Parti Québécois is that reformers desire. Both have strong support, each with an equal number of party regional presidents, while Ryan has a slight edge of eight divided supporters in seven among Giguere's 35 colleagues in the National Assembly. But the contests are striking. Ryan brings a reputation made outside the Liberal Party of which he is often critical,



and is learning quickly how to charm a Liberal crowd. But Giguere's apparent complaint that this has been done by artificially padding his own support.

While Giguere is against a return to private enterprise and internal party reform, Ryan makes it clear he is approaching many of the Parti Québécois social reforms—and Parti Québécois voters—with an open mind. He got his widest applause when he read a letter from a financial contributor who said in his 10 membership card in proof of his conversion.

So far the battle has been peppy, but tension may soon rise. At each meeting, Ryan repeats his conclusion that the Liberals lost the 1980-81 1970s because of a "concentric weakening in leadership" and has made it clear that he does not exempt Giguere from that criticism. The reasonable identification of Giguere with the self-described Robert Bourassa infuriates some of his supporters. "Bourassa led us into a circle of conflicts to which he turned for guidance," and one Giguere critic says: "If you counted the number of times he visited Claude Ryan, they would be in the hundreds and hundreds and hundreds. When people identify Giguere with Bourassa, and Ryan as pure..." The point put forward in frustration unable to finish his sentence.

CLAUDE RYAN



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## Well, it is a burning question

With the same heavy patriotism that inspired an American to design John F. Kennedy memorial statues with holes in the pedestal of a hand, a Montreal company called C.O. Products has entered the Quebec referendum battle with cigarette lighters that it hopes will sell copiously for \$2.49 to both sides: one version bears a red maple leaf, the other a blue fleur-de-lis, and both read "You" (the leaf has "Yes" on it).

"We're not selling lighters," says marketing manager Jacques Rivest annually, "but a concept." The concept of Canadian nationalism might have been more heartwarming had the lighters not been made in Spain.



# Is Germany Burning?

Exploring terrorism's least likely crucible

By Marci McDonald

The image is etched in memory and newspaper in the sharp wood that bows the skeleton out on the far hill of Frankfurt's

grave. Frau Esslin's face burns on emotion. But slowly, ever so slowly, she raises her right arm. The camera clicks, the tableau a frame. The world watches as the good God-fearing parent's wife holds her

cherished but high is wordless defiance.

In Cologne, 400 miles north, another terrorist movement, another mother barely a year's length from the corner of Vi-



rona's dark, red, and black, a short, leafless sapling is barked high with fir forest wreaths and pins of plastic garlands, red banners and candles kept burning night and day. Angélique, a shy, earnestly pretty lawyer's wife who is too frightened to allow her last name to be cited walks by the saplings, her face lit with a shudder. Her two sons, Axel, nine, and Jean, who is seven, pebbled by it on their bicycles in the parking disk of September 5, gaze on from before. A woman pushed an empty baby carriage into the path of a Mercedes limousine turning the corner, cutting it off while a parked Volkswagen van suddenly erupted with masked figures firing machine guns with chilling precision. The chauffeur and three plainclothes police guards in a taxi car were gassed down without a single bullet wound, without a scratch on their skins.

Godra found Gudrun Esslin's body dangling from the window of her Stammheim prison cell, hung by a front player over. The authorities had not bothered to call Pastor Helmut Esslin and his wife to notify them. They heard it, in the world did—announced over a national newscast as a videotaped scene. But despite the feelings of an unwelcome corner's jury, they do not believe the verdict. Just weeks earlier, Godra had warned them that she was afraid of being confined.

Now, more than 1,000 protesters have turned out for the anniversary, banners flapping, raised before the television, scarves pulled high up over noses like hooded masks to prevent identification. As Pastor Bruno Strehl retires the final words, "Fishes forgive them for they know not what they do," a corollary of 1,000 police lines from their submachine guns on the bowed heads and armed helicopters buzz lazily across the cross-hatched patterns above



Now Angélique keeps a wary eye as the policeman from her kitchen window. Another prominent official lives down the block, a peep. She waits tensely for the next terrorist strike, whether here or on some other unsuspecting street, as all of Germany waits these days—with resignation. But an even deeper horror awaits her. After she keeps her head down, her godchild and husband from the table, her eyes cast straightly with tears. "I worry all the time," she says. "What if this comes to be?" What if they become terrorists? One day suddenly they disappear, go underground. We never see them again. Oh, yes, it could happen."

Through a winter fog, Bonn rises quietly



Reader and Melchior (opposite page) and aspects of the funeral of Gudrun Esslin. That's her mother (top) giving the salute at defiance. The woman behind (middle right), the funeral with its abundant demonstrations (bottom), and more violent demonstrators (right). The sign reads, in English, "Gudrun, Andreas and Jan tortured and murdered."



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on the left bank of the Rhine where ancient  
Goths once built an altar to the bloody  
goddess of vengeance. Nothing is alive.  
Could this be a new form of vegetation  
crotching to disconcert around public build-  
ings and private gardens? But no, it is  
barbed wire crawling meandering through  
hedgerows and along highways, calling like  
some indecent indelectable shrill cry  
across rooftops and the untarnished frost  
lawns of the chancel and pavements of  
the federal republic. Bonn is a capital of  
barbed wire, of chaos, ink fences and frost  
yarn webbing barbed wire, a harking gesture in-  
voked our crawling down residential  
streets every 20 minutes, the head of some  
purple youth poking from the turret.  
When international headlines screamed  
that Bonn had become a city besieged de-  
fying the Schleyer kidnapping, the good bar-  
bers were sad again. "Why, the barbed  
wire has been here for 50 years ever since  
the Palestinian massacre in the Munich  
Olympics," roared a member of parlia-  
ment—so if that somehow made it normal.  
The echoes of war were revivified, in the  
city still referred to some 30 years later as  
the "provisional capital," are eerie and un-  
settling. Here, in this sharing model of an  
industrial democracy, the claspings of a  
potential police state loom like embroil-  
ments in every street. Europeans now  
piper rush to alarming conclusions, ana-  
lyzing the earlier evidence for omens of  
neo-Naziism, gloating over the chaos  
the terrorists have unleashed in the heart  
of Western Europe's gaze, while cringing  
too against the same preferable reality  
from which even they may not prove im-  
mune. If these pessimists may prove un-  
founded, someone has driven Western  
Germany today to a turning point, and the  
design signs are everywhere.

Months after the Megafabio kidnapping  
and Schleyer's murder, the house of the  
German right-wing opposition leader,  
Fritz Josef Strauß, resembles a fortress,  
with white clad youths defying machine  
guns crawling the lawns behind iron bar-  
riers. German shepherds and border police  
with walkie-talkies pacing under the  
neighboring windows, an armored car bar-  
tering in the drive. Cultured citizens no  
longer rely on their domestic instincts  
although these pessimists can scarcely be  
convulsed when, at red light, the doors  
of their police escort cars instantly burst  
open, machine guns fanning the air.  
Who knows where this is now called ter-  
rorism which games at the very bones of  
German society will strike next? No one  
seems unsure. If Schleyer with his four  
guards could be taken, who was safe? Cy-  
clicists have their vulnerability pressed  
home each time they board a Lufthansa  
flight under the threat of machine gun-  
shots randomly scattered.

Suspicion hangs ominously in the air.  
Friends no longer talk openly in coffee  
or restaurants about this vexing problem  
of the terrorism. Since authorities  
published that about 30 hard-core terrorists


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are supported by a network of 1,300 to 6,300 sympathizers who provide cars, shelter or false papers, any voice that does not demand a merciless lynching has become suspect. A slip of the tongue can mean a police visit. When the Federal Criminal Bureau responds to appeal for reports of abnormal behavior, they received 30,000 anonymous phone calls—85% of them from good citizens denouncing their neighbors. As former chancellor Willy Brandt warned, begging letters to stop abetting the terrorists, "This country will become hell. The father will discover his son, the neighbor his neighbor, the institutions of the state will spy on its citizens."

No one is completely trusted. Jürgen Ponto, the brilliant head of the Deutsche Bank, had often had long political arguments with his 20-year-old goddaughter Susanne Albrecht, the child of his old friend, a wealthy Hamburg market lawyer. He did not hesitate to open his door last July 30 when she and two friends dropped by bearing his favorite red roses. When he refused to go with them on a Friday night, they shut him in the back.

No one understands what causes the seeds of youthful discontent to burst into full-blown terrorism, but despite the fact that Germany presents now hold more than 120 suspects in suspicion, the movement continues toward its climax. The founders of the Red Army Faction, Andreas Baader and the journalist Ulrike Meinhof, once a mother herself and society's darling, all sprung from the student riots of 1968, bombing empty department stores and U.S. military installations, fleeing by Marxist fervor and fury at the Vietnam war. But now police speak of a "third generation" of terrorists for whose Vietnam is only a vague word from some forgotten history. Their ages range from 17 to 24, compared to Baader's 37, despite rumblings about solidarity with the workers, they are almost without exception the children of privilege and the best schooling. They seem to have no clearly articulated political goals, while talking with a better educated efficiency.

"Hater's children," British author Michael Becker has characterized them as the heirs of their links to Palestinian terrorism who have an unswerving devotion to violence. If the teenager is oversimplified, in a replication strike against the national psyche. For those in the name of a model society surrounded phenomena from World War II's rubble—the defeat and shame of the Hitler years all but erased by that beyond of the modern German vocabulary, the Wirtschaftswunder, the economic miracle. In less than three decades the Hitler's fallen have become the strategists of Western Europe, among concrete monuments to affluent men on every horizon, each touches a Mercedes. Even as its neighbors stagger under forces of economic disaster, Germany unemployment figures at a mere 4.4% in 1978 rose to only 4.3% last year and is a



The scene of the kidnapping of Himm-Melke Schlegel—there are his slain kidnappers—in Cologne (left), a Palastshot of Schlegel sent by the terrorists as proof that he was still alive during rescue negotiations (below), his wife and son Himm-Melke (right) of the funeral (right) there is no safe place

fast away the domestic stock had to bail out the American dollar. Now with one swift blow from the terrorists, the eyes of the world have turned on Germany to see the glittering house that Marshall Plan billions and dedicated materialism had suddenly revealed its rotten to its outside—the first lowering of its postwar self-righting had been in minutes.

This is a society in turmoil. In the past seven years, 24 persons in Germany have died at the hands of the Red Army Faction. More than twice that number are killed on the streets every three months. But it is terrorism that has suddenly turned this nation toward its painful self-examination. Criminal versus deputy. Report Ruppel's critics condemn computer data banks and remind identity checks to combat terrorism, but he passes shrewdly in mid-interview to wonder "Maybe we should also try to develop other values than making money and consuming."

At Stuttgart University, Richard Baehler, a 26-year-old engineering student on strike, glances up at the giant black neon Mercedes symbol smoking over his city with unrelenting disdain. "All this prosperity, this wealth, this materialism—but for young people it is not enough. We have rebuilt the country on the outside, but the interior, the spirit has died. I can feel it. We are a cold generation."

Nobel-prize-winning novelist Heinrich Böll speculates that for the generation growing up with the shadowy history of Hitler so close yet verboten, the spectacle of their parents' wealth emblem of the democracy and affluence served up by the Allies may have seemed a concrete adduced with the hollow rag of hypocrisy. Others posit that terrorism is the inevitable by-product of a people who brook no coexistence for the legitimate voice of dissent. Germans proudly report that in the 1978 federal elections, all radical parties, right



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talk! Somewhere back in the 17th century, an inventive Dutch miller reasoned that, by setting the mill's huge blades in certain positions, he could broadcast messages to the whole village. With its blades stopped at a 45° angle, his mill would be saying, "Taking a rest, so grinding this week." In another position, and decorated with flags and finery (as in the picture here) his mill would shout out the joy of a wedding celebration.

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and left combined, fell less than 1% of the popular vote. But numbers do not paint the full picture. Ever since the 1972 introduction of the hated *Rachkowskies* or *Rachas*? Damn which prevents the recognition of Germany's 3.3 million civil servants for their loyalty to the Communists, every mother's son knows that to become a Communist means never to be hired as a garbage collector or teacher.

"This is basically a country for conformists," says a French journalist stationed in Bonn for 12 years. "If you play the game, don't finish the toilet too many times after 11 p.m., don't cut the grass on Sunday or let the kids play outside after lunch then life can be very pleasant. But if I were young and single I might find a very difficult situation you want to read up a screen."

The terrorists' screen has not shook waves reverberating in the very foundations of this society. In what other nation have the prosecution of a tiny band of ruthless radicals seen the kind of state currying to the microphones to assuage the world—as Helmut Schmidt did, that free-

Chancellor Helmut Schmidt with Frau Schleyer at her husband's funeral (right) and the front page of a Cologne newspaper during the period. The main headline reads: *Demokratie Für 14 Terroristen!* And the sub-headline: *Is Schleyer's Prison in Cologne?*



dom would be preserved?" "We are living very close to our own civil history," says Soviet dissident, deputy ship *Karel Ludvik*. "Democracy is very new here, very fragile."

During Schleyer's kidnapping, the emergency cabinet's mission could best be summed up by the solution proposed by one Bonn banker: an imposed terrorist

should be shot every 20 minutes until his release. Opposition cries for law and order proved as piercing. But at the height of the crisis the government rushed through the controversial Contact Barrier law in two days, preventing all suspected terrorists to be held in just without contact from their lawyers or the outside world for an unlimited period during national security

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crisis—a legal precedent that has human rights defenders in consternation, although only four Social Democrats opposed it. The government has since introduced further legislation giving police the right to demand identity cards on the street requiring hotels to concern themselves with passport and sanctioning a spate of new police information-gathering methods.

"Today I see no real danger for the liberty in our country," says Lucidde. "But I don't know how it will look in the future. If another wave of terrorism comes, there is danger of more demands for law and order. I cannot say I am not worried."

The sands of public opinion are shifting slowly, noticeably, once again in legislation. Germany drifts toward the right. During Schleier's kidnapping, the Christian Democrats' secretary general issued a catalogue of quotations intended to drive home those who had once shown any evidence of rationality on the subject of terrorism, former chancellor Brandt and novelist Böll branding his list of bogymen. In the offices of the extreme right Christian Socialists Count Ernst Ludwig von Stauffenberg, the surviving son of the Third Reich colonel who led the abortive July 20, 1944, assassination plot against Hitler, calls for a purge of all liberal professions and universities who propagate "this political social efficiency—the ideological background from which young people become killers."



Susanne Albrecht, who led a terrorist group in an attempt to kidnap her own grandfather, when he refused to go they shot him in the back.

"The south-west is on," wrote Böll, whose quadruple *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum* was withdrawn from its TV showing in Bavaria as too provocative. "The seeds of anti-rationalism are already here."

In the case of fear and confusion blown

on on the ill wind of terrorism, the country is being polarized into two solidities—a threatened left evanescing of an upsurging police state and an ever more entrenched right. Here, where history looms like old bones in the attic, the parallels with the Weimar Republic are terrifying—and unavoidable. While the National Democratic Party, today's neo-Nazis, captured less than 5.5% of the popular vote in the last federal election, there are those who point to Germany's rising unemployment statistics with an ominous nod: in 1925, Adolf Hitler was a jailed eccentric in the last federal election, eight years later, as the unemployed amounted to six million, he was in power.

None other a Comrade than Willy Brandt has already sounded the alarm. In a July 12 letter to his successor, Helmut Schmidt, Brandt warned that extreme right wing groups were fanatically parading forbidden Nazi slogans. Investigations have since been launched into two German military college incidents where students rallied around a bustle to shouts of "Let's burn Jews!" and celebrated Hitler's birthday with a reported round of frog beret. Last summer teacher Feri's blood film biography of the Führer *Mein Kampf—A Career*, packed German cinema. The Christmas bookshelves were crisscrossed with hard-chipped books on Hitler, Rastafel, Goring and Goebbels, while a rack of record albums surfaced, inclu-

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# Getting high

Where Greg Joy goes, few men can follow

By Michael Posner



The orange net of a regulation basketball hoop is 10 feet above the floor. Jumping, a man of average height, an average physical condition may be able to touch the netting. A tall man might even dunk the net with his fingers. But Gregory Andrew Joy, who is not a basketball player but a high jumper, can do what scarcely seems possible: he can spring five feet straight up in the air so that his chest is level with the hoop. So far as is known, Greg Joy, 21, is the only man in the world who can do this.

"Only" is a word that appears frequently in stories about Canada's Olympic stars, athletes because there are so few of them. Still fewer have any real claims for medals. The number of those who actually win medals would not fill the serving ability of a three-year-old. It is a very small circle.

Greg Joy belongs to it. At the Montreal Olympics, he was nearly Canada's to win any kind of medal—but was taller—in track and field. A month ago, he became the first man in history to high jump seven feet seven inches indoors—a record that was eclipsed just two weeks later when a New Jersey college student, Frank Hejlskov, leaped seven feet 7 1/2 inches in a New York meet where Joy failed at seven-foot. Joy was, however badly, the first Canadian in more than a decade to carry a world record in his home bag. He's determined to get a look.

Greg Joy does not walk—he bounds. On

Joy in one of his final attempts in the 1976 Olympics: special thanks to Howard

a marriage's January morning he bounds into the lobby of Toronto's Chelsea Inn and shakes the hand of a man he has not met before. His grip tells to mind what a case-rose vice can do to stout metal. Joy stands on feet four inches and weighs 170 pounds. He is wide in the shoulders, the result of an intense weightlifting program, and narrow at the hips, the result of genetics. The bones of people who start as him in the lobby seem to punch a puzzle piece. They have seen this film before but cannot place it. Unless they de Marné born commercials, Canadian amateur athletes seldom become household words.

Joy talks easily and with confidence. "The world record was really a great relief to me. I've been training for it for so long, six to eight hours a day, six days a week. At the Maryland meet I jumped seven feet five inches and then I jumped at seven-foot. That was the highest jump in the history of jumping. The crowd couldn't believe it. Nobody does that."

Nobody does a few other things that Greg Joy is fond of doing, such as being his own coach. His training regimen is mainly self-planned. Six days a week, Joy runs from a brand, baggy-waisted in his one-bedroom Miami apartment and down three soft-boiled eggs for breakfast. Mondays and Fridays he weights lifts, Tuesdays and Thursdays he works on run-

ning. Wednesday he devotes to stretches of weakness. He begins every day with a two-mile jog then moves into several hours of stretching exercises, sprint drills, jumping exercises, more jogging, more limbering.

"You must be very fit," I said. "Yes," he said. "But all of that is just the morning. Then in the afternoon..." Joy takes one day off—Sundays. His relaxation is going swimming with his girl friend, a Miami nurse who lives across the hall.

Joy's diet is as disciplined as his body. It's high in protein—first for lunch, steak for dinner. The day of a competition, he takes the "carbolytic tank," a gastrointestinal purge of psyllium and sorbitol. The day of his Olympic silver medal victory, Joy's evening breakfast included seven pecan cakes, seven strips of bacon and seven glasses of milk.

Greg Joy spent the first nine years of his life in Portland, Oregon, where his father runs a garage and owns a beer parlor. An only child, he had natural athletic ability and played several sports well. The first one he high jumped, in grade eight, he leaped five feet four inches, a height that made him certainly the best jumper in the school. The following year he reached an feet and he just kept improving.

Later the family moved to Vancouver. At Vancouver Technical Secondary School, Joy played basketball and baseball, but preferred track and field. "I'd had, I want it to be my field. It's not any thing to

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only to other people. I'd rather rely on myself. I'd say I'm 100% responsible for getting where I am."

Because he is talented—and frank about his talents—he has been labeled arrogant and conceited. Because he believes in Christ, he has been accused a selfish Christian athlete, an earnest proselytizer. And because, like all amateur athletes in Canada, he does not enjoy being poor, he has been called a complainer. At 24, though, athletes even still or even late should bear the burden of poverty gladly and accept meagre government handouts with eloquent thanks.

Greg Joy will not conform to other people's expectations. He is among the top three or four high jumpers in history and not crack about saying so. "I believe I've got a lot of potential. I don't know how high I can go. I've been told that with my style, which is based on power, I could go as high as eight feet. That's four and a quarter inches higher than anybody else. But you really can't predict."

No less caustic about his Christianity, Joy affirms that religion is a major influence on his life and that, accordingly, when he is feeling down, he reads the Bible. "Why can't it's a good book. But I don't go to church. I don't belong to religious groups and I don't think it's my position to tell religion. Other people aren't going to change their ways because I recommended it."

"I don't think of religion during a competition. The high jump is a very unusual event. Everything is in front of you. Either the sky stays up or it falls. It's not a matter of faith."

The subject of money is more sensitive. A sports equipment manufacturer, Puma, freely provides Greg Joy with track shoes, track suits, T-shirts, gym bags, virtually everything he needs. As of this month, he will receive \$350 a month from Ottawa, it will cover the rental costs of his apartment and furniture. He also draws a monthly allowance from a trust fund set up for him by Ottawa lawyer Sheldon Wiseman, who approached Joy after the Olympics told him the silver medal jump was one of the most exciting things he had ever seen, and asked how he could help.

And then there is the matter of under-the-table payments, given to amateur athletes by track meet sponsors known to fans by names. Greg Joy will not talk about these "incentives." He will not confirm or deny that they are commonplace, nor that he has accepted them. Of course, to admit to accepting even five dollars would disqualify him as an amateur and end his current hope of winning the Olympic gold medal in Moscow in 1980. In fact, of course, under-the-table payment is a sport all its own. Everyone plays by the rules. Amateur officials are careful not to use it because they know the athletes need the

money, the sponsors need the publicity, and the government can't hope to fund Canadian Olympic hopefuls as the Soviets and East Germans do. The athletes know it's illegal but they also know that, short of posting the envelope on the victory podium, no one is going to accept a royal commission of investigation.

In the meantime Greg Joy, former world indoor record holder, must now prove he has the nerve to win it back. He sounds so just as he sounds to take him later this year at the world outdoor mark of seven feet 7 1/2 inches set last summer by Soviet teen-ager Vladimir Yashchenko.

Everything about his past accomplishments, his constant sitting and standing on poles suggests that what Greg Joy believes in sooner or later comes true. □



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Closeup / The Environment

# Re-endangered species

Yes, the buffalo is alive. But it's far from well

By Suzanne Zwarun

It was listed as the first buffalo herd in America and the original source of the buffalo to spotlights to join the short, getting on the bloodshed because some there would be no more blood to spill. "The Western Plains are stripped bare, the water holes no more, the lack of their feet in the mud, the dark clouds of the buffalo wallow are five or more," bellowed the poster advertising the bison-busines, closing out life. But the year was 1906 and, by then, the buffalo had been made more than a promoter's dream. The wild buffalo were gone — long gone.

Once, North America had been black with bison. Sixty million, maybe 75 million, travelling in bands miles wide and tens of miles long, ranged the continent from Mexico to Alaska, from the eastern seaboard to the western coastlines. By the 90 years they roamed, wiped out by the white man, first for food and clothing, later for the government's desire of their skin, blue bison, and later for their sport. The bison and bison were left in the. Along with the passenger pigeon, the buffalo today would share museum space with the

poison of the last buffalo herd if it hadn't been for the accidental interference of one man. In 1873, a Peoria of Omaha Indian named William Coyote, visiting with the Peoria on Albert's Milk River, cut down a thousand head four calves—two bulls, two heifers—to begin the world's greatest conservation story. Back home in Montana, William Coyote had his pet, sold their offspring, drowned in the boozing



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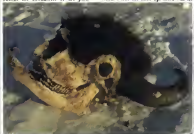
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together with the world's best people, and was quickly forgotten. The Canadian government, indeed, won world renown for snubbing the buffalo from the brink of extinction and providing assistance for conservation at the protected herd's peril.

Until now. Once again the buffalo is in trouble. The largest herd in the world, the hairy, heavy beasts that still roam wild and free through Canada's North, has dwindled drastically. In Wood Buffalo National Park, where as many as 15,000 may have roamed about 50 years ago, the official count now is around 6,000, fewer animals than were released there 40 years ago. Just outside the boundaries of the park—

between the hands of the hunters, but he is quick to give a laundry list of blood-and-guts horror stories contained in the name of good intentions.

"The buffalo were first rounded up by airplane in February, 1962, and they were run to hard 16 of the 77 were permanently crippled. Three were lucky. They died right away. Thomson lost a whale." Brown says the buffalo's back legs collapsed at the knee joint, and although they were kept two months in cages in hopes they'd heal, they died, one by one. "These legs broke from the knees down and gangrene set in. When the men tried to skin them [for autopsy] they found the lower legs frozen like wood. From the knee up there was no



Remains of a bison in state by wolves at Wood Buffalo Park, most nations for the wolf judge?

straddling the Alberta-Northwest Territories border—the Hook Lake bison herd has dwindled from 2,500 to 150. Insecticide losses with grain poisons, but nobody seems to agree on the reasons.

Are they being killed by wolves? A war, with "kill the wolves" as the battle cry, has flared in the North. However, some claim native hunters in the region are killing indiscriminately. Bannister says he's heard that there are many who would head the head's position to some extent. Dismantled? About 40% of the herd has tuberculosis, brucellosis, which causes abortions, it's rampant, and encephalitis has devastated the herd in five outbreaks since 1962.

Roger Brown, a Fort Smith, Ont., scientist has led the battle to exterminate wolves. "I've donated \$100 in the past three years, but if they were caught, I'd be fighting just as hard for them." He is fighting instead for the bison because he figures the northern herd has dropped by 4,000 in only four years and may well be doomed. He blames the government wildlife experts who, he claims, have heavily mismanaged the herds. Their team leader, Roger Brown, has been to ignore the wolf pack. "I have my own degree in game management," he says, "and I know the government can, and does, make serious mistakes." He doesn't discuss the good

feels left. It had turned to black gas, and when the men reached the animal's legs, the skin webbed as though it was full of sweat; when it was cut open, they said the stomach was so bad they couldn't stand it."

In the winter of 1964, government inspectors decided to drive the buffalo into a path and try to vaccinate them for anthrax, a deadly disease almost eradicated in Canadian domestic cattle. Buffalo were ripped a trail through the herd, helicopters were called in to drive the buffalo down it. "Hundreds died along the way," says Brown. "Their hooves split from running on frozen ground. Their legs broke. They broke their legs and were literally driven into the ground. Many people in Fort Smith remember the buffalo staggering along with blood pouring from their frozen necks. There were cows all along the road, dead, some with calves sucking half-way out of them."

In another disease-control experiment, 577 were slaughtered. "They dropped off people with guns and chased the bison to their own helicopters. The stories said they had no hope at all of keeping up with the shooters. The government people kept flying out of Fort Smith, some in lunch



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born, some on cattle brands, to kill buffalo." The last kill topped buffalo buyers for Bogo '97. "Wild people around the world have enjoyed them if they'd known how the slaughter took place!" Bruce wonders.

Parks Canada, which ran the slaughter and knew exactly what went on, eventually abandoned the notion that a national park could run an operation on the side. And with the closing of the slaughterhouse in 1967 went the dream, spread by a park superintendent in 1973, that the herd would hit 30,000 and be harvested for meat and wool for the nation.

Current government officials are not easily appalled by the tales of their predecessors' folly. However, as one has proved, according to Wood Buffalo superintendent Bruce Luff, that the buffalo are on a steady decline. The men who run the 17,340-square-mile park (almost the size of Nova Scotia) point to inaccuracies in early counts. "The park population has been stable since 1973," he says. "It doesn't really matter whether we have 5,000 or 15,000 so long as they're holding their own."

But even Luff agrees the Black Lake herd, outside the park, isn't holding its own. He doesn't entirely condemn wolves, as do many others. Buffalo hunting has

Bison taking a shade at Wood Buffalo after recreation for a while; the conquerors gave

been permitted outside the park since 1988, and Luff guesses that buffalo just aren't venturing beyond the protection of the park now, that the Black Lake herd isn't getting new blood to expand.

Parks Canada, spurred perhaps by Luff's criticism, is still holding out against the kill—the Wolves lobby. But last winter new government biologist Jack VanCamp kept close track of 15 wolves and con-

cluded that a single wolf pack can kill 50 adults or 100 calves in a year. He reported the Black Lake herd lost 345 animals between March 1976 and March 1977—41 were taken by sport hunters and 34 by local

## Once upon a time in the West

The rest of the buffalo herd drifted on by the time that Cotton's sharp eyes spotted the black smears on the snow-deeped prairie. Something clearly was wrong as

Cotton turned his horse and rode over to investigate. The buffalo had arrived at the Worthington Buffalo Reserve in southern Alberta in 1909. Cotton got there four years later. As park warden, it fell to him to be protector and enforcer, baby-sitter and biologist, cowboy and old-timer. To the last of his mighty millions that had remained the continent only 50 years before, Cotton knew, as soon as he was close enough to identify the massive dark hill as a dead cow, that he was about to have a new role thrust upon him—nursed to a day-old calf. "The poor little beggar was burning hysterically at his mother but she was older than a doornail," Cotton remembers. "So I dug him home."

E. J. Cotton, at 68, would like to swap his comfortable Calgary home, crammed

with memories for those long-ago days on the range. Bacon once broke his leg they snatched his ribs, cracked his neck, killed two of his cowboy friends and maimed several of his horses. "It was a tough life," he agrees. "But I'd do it all again if I could."

The orphan calf the first he hand reared was named One Spot for the white spot on its forehead. He reared it on canned milk and oatmeal and at 1848 months the bear was tame as a baby, but unaccustomed to strangers. One Spot was napping on the porch one afternoon when newlyweds, proud of having conquered the horse trade in their Model T, drove into the yard. "Oh, look at this dear little baby buffalo," cooed the bride, grasping One Spot by an ear. The buffalo woke in a hurry and charged. "He got all tangled up in her skirts and he really rattled her shinbones with those little horns. After that I locked him loose with the rest of the herd."

One Spot, however, became a menace. He fussed neither man nor horse and, as he aged, his temper worsened. "I was—

ing Frost home at dusk one day, keeping a good eye out for that bull because he'd run you every chance he got. But he surprised us as we came over a hill and he gored Frost in the stomach." Cotton got off a shot but only grazed the buffalo. Then his bullet hit its hind quarter, its best buffalo horse he ever owned, and put it out of its pain. Every summer after that Cotton hunted One Spot but the buffalo eluded him. Every winter, One Spot turned up at Cotton's cabin looking for handouts and Cotton didn't figure it was fair to shoot him then. One Spot led a dual life: the Worthington herd was his day work. That year, the wardens, Cotton among them, hunted down and shot the old bulls that couldn't make the trip.

When the herd was being shipped, Cotton was too busy rounding up buffalo to spare the time to see their new home in Wood Buffalo National Park. But two years ago the man who now manages the buffalo herd Cotton is a consultant, to pick the brains about what went on in the early days of the bacon herd. "There's my bulls," he shouted, when he spotted the herd from the air. And for a little while time was rolled back for Blue Cotton.

Cotton, the life and times of a plainsman



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# The trials of Lou Grant

It isn't easy—ask Ed Asner—making it on your own

By David Cobb

It was rough and go the re for a while. The early graphic revolutions from Great God Ratings had not been processing for Lou Grant: one of the season's most highly touted new offerings, it had been bouncing around the network 40 weeks in the season's Nielsen. Indeed, it looked very much as if it was about to cancel in its 13th week, instead, holding its breath against nervous gas, it's prolonged the progress by just five shows rather than the one which would have sounded out the season—an act of following faith that only occurred the season on the *Lou Grant* set. Chase the day, shortly before Christmas, when the Nielsen showed that *Grant* for

the first time had beaten its competitors on both A/C and V/C—but perhaps you had to be there to understand the awful joy produced in ordinary people by the vagaries of a rating system that determines from a mere 1,200 U.S. homes what North Americans will view, which performers will be rewarded with roles beyond aversion. In the first few of commercial prime time it is not enough that your show wins, the others must be shown to fail.

And so Edward Asner, the masterfully likable actor who plays city editor Grant,

Asner as the serious Lou Grant; they said it couldn't be done, and it very nearly wasn't

did his share of jumping up and down when the news was phoned to him on the set, and there on the lot where *Mock* Seniors, Cassini's own, used to film the *Keystone* Kops. The pressure on Asner, after all, was greater than on anyone else: he'd played Lou Grant for seven years already, of course, but in a second business on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. Now it was his show. It was no joke; it was drama, he was going to use it as he would be the first major character in TV history to make the switch from comedy to drama. Small wonder that he was bouncing off the walls, sleeping fellow-actors and crew on the back—the euphoric side effects from the sensation of one good thing after a succession of poor ones.

A little later the same day came the news that *Grant*, newly fortified in its faith, had renewed the show for the remaining five slots of the season. A tremendous role went up from the cast and crew. "But to tell you the truth," Asner allowed, "ratings are more indicative in one of life's uncertainties than the news that we were picked up."

In the weeks since then, life's uncertainties have been handed out to Asner, 46, in increasing amounts—in the New Year *Lou Grant* has begun to figure in the Top Twenty. This was good news for the executive at Mary Tyler Moore Enterprises as well, since the other shows under the same banner—only two years ago the blue chips of television—have been losing a steady stream. One recent week when *Lou Grant* was rated eleventh, the other *Grant* shows were scored thirteenth (*Funny* *Assholes*), thirty-first (*Rob Newman*), thirty-second (*Rhodes*), and thirty-third (*The Betty White Show*, last week's January 9 on CBS).

If its perceptual drop down the ratings was a punishment for loss of the bright and funny *Betty White Show*, the manner of its cancellation by CBS was an outrage for the same reason. Perhaps provoked, after being so much of the ratings' reason for two decades, by an eclipse at the hands of expert A/C, CBS dumped *Betty White* with almost indecent haste soon after the season began—when its ratings on fact were better than *Lou Grant*'s. "We just didn't think *Betty White* was going to build," a CBS spokesman used at the time.<sup>\*</sup>

<sup>\*</sup>CBS was unable to give a program for NBC, subsidiary of major RCA and sister of the network at 11. Of the Top Twenty in the last available Nielsen 11 was ABC's *Don't Say That* (including two guest appearances) and CBS's *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. To join with CBS in its own case a *Monday* of the Week, and it was obvious that the *Grant* (CBS) was the difference between NBC and the *Grant*. The *Grant* had an excellent

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**AIR CANADA** 



The fuy and heat saging through the corridors of MGM Enterprises, which had media the can confirm by many outlets over the previous seven years, might have failed as alternative heating unit for a family of four through several Canadian winters. "We did have a mock record," says Allan Burns, one of the creators of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and a senior MGM

executive, "and I think the might have given us most of a shaker. Everything takes time to build. Look at Mary. It didn't do too well at all when it started in 1970." Indeed, *Time* magazine called it "a disaster" and *America's* *Los Gatos* "a drunken clown."



As for the comical *Los Gatos* with Mary Tyler Moore after all they did for CBS...

...and, as Leachman's, too much a feather-brain (like the character George Engel made fun of as Ted Baxter's wife, only Engel plays her warmly). Audiences accept this kind of self-control as a given all the time from male actors, but apparently not on starring roles, from female ones. Let such characters not get too uppity, let them stay in supporting roles, even better, like

the late Judith Lowry as Phyllis' Mother Dexter, well to play them in your rights. But one of television's superstitions is to be wary of shows too highly touted, especially if they're your own. Grant and Mary Tyler Trickett, chairman and president of MGM, have that etched on their hearts by now, under the sign of the morning cut. *Friends and Lovers* (with Paul Brink) and *Green Witches* (with Jack Klugman) also collapsed despite enormous expectations, and when *Los Gatos* started to get early praise from press previews that exceeded in fervor all the others, the Tricketts quailed. *The Washington Post*, which uncovered *Wagon*, revealed that as well as being the best new TV show of the season, *Los Gatos* was "not only what television needs, but what America needs." Let's pray, thought Trickett devoutly, that it's what America wants.

To begin with, it didn't look as if it was. Sure, it generally got good marks—and continues to care them—for possessing a newspaper's newsmen, and some of its concerns. Faithfully Previous efforts in journalistic series—*Explosive* (Raymond Burr), *The Reporter* (Henry Fonda) and the recent *Andrew Young* (James Earl Ray)—made the fatal mistake of presenting the reporter as impugned of the keys, which God knows he isn't. In *Los Gatos*, nobody's a saint, nobody has yet yielded "Keep the peace!" or "Get it in order!" some of the suspects have struck particularly sensitive journalistic nerves (here, a recent conflict between the Tribune's news demands and those of its department), and anyone who has worked on any newspaper anywhere has known a Ross, the sharp, unscrupulous, by-the-book, fabled court clerk embodied in a macraméed T by Robert Walcott.

Whether anyone has ever come across a city editor like *Los Gatos* is another matter. A father confessor with a heart of marmalade, who spends an incredible amount of time away from his desk, is not the kind of city editor who leaps instantly to the journalistic mind as it recognizes, and is very likely to keep his job. Other characters here come from press photography, a feisty bunch, who have complained that the only Tribune photographer he ever knew simply as Animal and the sort of guy you wouldn't want to get too close to for fear of straining your life, as... well, just not real enough.

No matter. *Los Gatos* deserves praise for venturing out some kind of authenticity and, with the professional help of the Los Angeles Times, doing it. Remember the first show, *Los Gatos* in the Tribune's newsmen from Minneapolis (where he'd been fired, with everyone else but Ted, from the TV station)? Looking about him, drink as vibrantly seely despair, Grant the former newspaperman mutters: "It's like a drinking love to a woman who doesn't share her legs—you may not like it much, but it's real."

Still, even qualified authenticity doesn't



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guarantee success, and in the season picked up speed. *Low Down*, after a promising opening, seemed to lose it. As its ratings hovered close to the basement, it looked as if the only people getting off on the show were journalists, and they've never figured highly among Nielsen's scores.

During the people-watching for a show was plenty of quick action. One, they explained, had alerted them on the wrong night, opposite *NBC's Family*, with which it had to compete for the same type of audience, and various bookkeeping errors from vice. Besides, they added, it takes time for us hearing show to find its audience—and on top of that, viewers were surprised when they tuned into a show called *Low Down* and heard no laughter from a studio audience. Old Grant fans were even more upset when the early show tried to combine comedy and drama.

"It's no idea so many would say, 'Why can't he say just the same as before?'" After remarks in one day's shooting down to a clear "And to take a second business and make him a top business, out of a half-hour sitcom into an hour-long drama—that's asking a lot of the writer. Hell, it's asking a lot of me." The open disclaimer in the *Low Down* was "Tell you the truth, I didn't know what I was doing the first few weeks, and I was finding the desk the bottleneck for *Low*'s character. The writers have done a tremendously effective job of getting me away from it—I'll defend each and every one of my absences from this city room."

And, of course, is not out of the wood yet. Late in January his show was moved to CBS Monday night schedule. Not being on Monday nights at the start of the season was one of the main reasons cited by *Star Trek* producers for *Low* doing so poorly now that it's doing so much better they have no other fear—will its new-found Tuesday audience overlap with them on Monday? If they don't, and if the show fails to do respectably on its new night for the rest of the season, can we decide that one season of *Low Grant* is all it's worth, hour-long drama costing \$350,000 an episode will be expendable if they don't draw enough viewers—and if the network can only find something to plug the gap.

Aster recognizes this but he is hardly an overnight success, and unlikely to look for the link in life's gas pipe of the show is not released. He grew up in Kansas City, helped himself through only acting days around Chicago with jobs in sales, glass and steel mills, moved to the New York stages 20 years ago, then to Los Angeles as the Socrates actor in film and TV dramas long before the comedy of *The Love Show* made *Low Grant* the breakthrough. He made good in North America. I recall a conversation not long ago with another well-known second banana, who had and the measure of

TV fame were hardly outweighed by the jokes. Aster had no truck with the notion "The best is good, to fortune," he says. "Now that I talk about success? Often I feel I'm drowning in people, my face aching with smiles... but if we could all rise to the top, making increasing amounts of money, having the kind of elixir to get values in full institutions, good seats in packed theaters, chauffeured limos you never have to park, without being harassed by reporters, or for charity, or for political services you can't on good conscience refuse—yes, that would be ideal. But it doesn't work that way."

Not for Edward Aster, in any case, the

man Robert Walden calls "The Spencer Tracy of TV, the rock on whom we all depend, the most generous actor I've ever worked with." Walden, the Aster co-producer is alive and well. The following day was Saturday, the only day of the week he could be home with his wife and family (two daughters and a son). In the morning he brewed the dogs, drove off to visit a tax, returned home to rehearse his lines for a rehearsal to be later in the following day, in the afternoon he hosted a meeting of the American Civil Liberties Union, in the evening appeared on a charity telethon. How much of that would real day actors manage before crying... 30-1 ☐



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# The World

The sun sets slowly on Margaret Thatcher



AP/WIDE WORLD

**Anti-Aid: demonstrators in London in 1972 put the ticks that Thatcher's opposing to**

poll reveals that immigration is the leading issue on which British voters (who may very well go to the polls this autumn) have more confidence in the Conservatives than in Labour. It is also an issue on which about 95% of Labour voters think the Tories have a better policy.

In addition, the Opposition Leader may have hoped to do a little clothes-rack of her own from the notorious National Front (clapnet: Keep Britain White) which claims to be the country's fourth largest political party and plans to field as many as 150 candidates at the next election.

So Thatcher—"We are not in politics to spend people's money, we are here to deal with them"—made her move. Each gold-tinted lock elegantly in place, her classic blue eyes flashing, she chose a Granada TV interview to play on various fears of being swamped by Indians, Pakistanis, Africans and Caribbean immigrants by promising a "close and" to immigration.

The proposal brought a swift, and predictable, pay-down from Prime Minister Callaghan. Immigration could not be ended, he said, unless the Conservatives went back on solemn commitments to ad-

mit immigrants' dependents given by the party's deputy leader William Whitelaw. Thatcher charged Chancellor Herley, had cold-bloodedly chosen to set up the wobbly waters of racial prejudice, and Herley's cabinet colleagues, Maudie Rens, spoke of her offshore vote-catching.

It was in the Tory Party itself, however, that Thatcher's remarks wreaked most havoc. She had for some time complained, in fact, to discuss her doubts with her shadow ministers, and Whitelaw, while trying hard to plaster over the fissures in party unity, still felt constrained to concede that any of Herley's "emigration" of the white population by immigration—the prospect conjured up by Thatcher—was unjustified.

Conservative MPs were even more bewildered by later leaks that Thatcher might be granting to many immigrants residence to a substantial number of migrants who had settled since 1973 which would have broadened the proposal to include Irish and other white newcomers and specifically targeted on two categories to depict immigrants. But this was later denied.

The debate is made much more emotive by the fact that no one can claim to have the absolutely accurate up-to-date figures on immigration. The numbers are blurred

by outsiders) that originates are slipping illegally into the country unnoticed, that newborn babies are not being correctly counted as usual laws, and that citizens are either ignorant or covering up for government mismanagement of the whole immigration affair. The London



Thatcher introducing the politics of fear

*Daily Mail* got caught out recently when it ran a headline stating that one in five babies born in Britain is colored. The actual figure is one in 14 and the paper had no apology.

But it is hard to convince a white man from Bradford that the country is only 3% colored today, a race relations officer explained, when in his house 25% of the work force is nonwhite and all his Yorkshire friends' shops have become hot race take-out stands. But the Aem men—men are pleased by a combination of chance and social pressure make them a bigger problem than if they were dispersed across the countryside.

There is no doubt that Britain are definitely worried about the race question. A Gallup poll indicated that 68% of the population considers immigration a very serious social problem. But ironically, this concern has peaked when the long-fanned immigrant flood has been choked off to its trickle. About 46,000 colored new immigrants were admitted last year—down 15,000 from 1976. By the end of the century the number of newbies with stable jobs is about 3.3 million or 8% of the population.

Even that figure is too high for Tory right-wingers, however, and much too high for the Minister of Home Affairs, who insists that colored immigrants represent a threat to Britain's genetic pool.

This is hardly the element of the electorate to which a lady educated at Kew and Cranham Girls School should seem to be making the initial premises of her first campaign to become prime minister. The problem for Thatcher is that she may never get a second chance to lead the Conservatives—if the decent best Callaghan first time around.

## THE U.S.

### Easy Rider vs. Crazy Ed

While voters' fiscal conservatism may have become California's governor in 1974 he could do no wrong—with politicians, public or press. But the knights are out for the golden boy of the Golden State as he turns a national fight which could end his White House hopes.

America's favorite "ultraconservative" still has his credibility as he leads of the nation's most populous and wealthiest state. But the political hunting season starts early in California. Brown in under attack from liberals who approach him for failing to keep production industries, environmentalists who see his new freeways towards industry is a betrayal, organized labor and the business world itself.

Certainly the 39-year-old politician who took office as Mr. Clean, harbinger of the "best of times" and enemy of Big Government, is a very different hombre today. The non-political symbols are mostly still in place—Brown drives his own battered Plymouth, runs the official Cadillac, prefaces a series of interviews over the "Tag Mutt" of an official mascot and goes on San Francisco while other politicians play golf—but the rhetoric has shifted.

Finding his state ranked forty-seventh

in terms of "freedom towards business" by a Dux and Bradstreet study, Brown decided that white small men be beautiful "beginners in their own land." In pursuit of this new decision Brown has devised a second \$37-billion spending program for this fiscal year and visited Japan and Mexico, London and New York to test the claims of California as a marketplace. He wants billions more spent on space research (Carter's space budget, he says, is "Mickey Mouse") and even has a state million-dollar plan to give California its very own communications satellite, courtesy of NASA and Canada.

"It would save money," Brown argues, "by replacing expensive and time-consuming travel. And it could be a crucial communications center in the event of a major earthquake." For starters, he has asked the legislature to buy into CTS, the Canadian technology satellite, sponsored jointly by the Canadian government and NASA to test the practicality of these and other ideas.

If Brown seems to be reeling scored in this year's race, one good reason is to be found in the belly stage of Los Angeles police chief Ed Davis, now the front-runner.

Brown, Revolut (below) and Davis (right) in court by grand jury catch her a six-year

net for the Republican nomination. A five-faced Davis, it is Brown's match as a master of media manipulation, and given the popularity of his own law. In order views, he may well be the Republican choice in next June's primaries.

Could Davis unseat Brown? President Carter, who considers the governor his most active rival for the 1980 Democratic nomination, would like to think so. And the former top cop is given a good chance by pundits to succumb to the state capital.

One trouble may be his own six-stage 10-year plan with the police, eight of them as head of "America's finest city force." Davis' headline-grabbing, authoritarianism has led to his portable gloves in the airport to keep hijackers—none from the state of "Crazy Ed." And when running his \$65,000 post to run for public office, Davis has shown some inclination to move towards political middle ground.

"The governor and his swimming-pool Constitutional friends have turned this state into a cesspool," he says. "They've made it safe for pot smokers and homosexuals, while blacks are being done to death with needless controls and restrictions."

A strong gun-toting man who brushes aside complaints that his police beat nearly 400 civilians over a three-year period, Davis' post has in the state's large mid-

## Don't just lie there, citizen, do something!

In the bay (Stimulus by 26) G and D (Ducry) at Luxembourg the people are being escorted by their government to think of their country when having sex. Unless they start having more children, says Prime Minister Gaston Thorn, "the whole nation faces extinction by the end of the century."



years only two or three people claimed the title, although the latest figure is about 360.

Luxembourg has also made its mark as one of the new member states of the European Community since a member of Euro (though its 400-strong army may not strike fear in Eastern European military circles) and recently witnessed the distinction of knocking England out of the soccer World Cup—by losing by more goals to Italy than to the English.

With personal interest so obviously at stake, it clearly isn't going to be easy to persuade the Luxembourgers to put their

### Down Promoting phoney dream

paternal duty by it. And at least one government (though unnamed) claims Luxembourg City's 41-year-old burgomaster, Caliste Piesch, doubts whether the government or its municipality alone can do anything. It's a psychological problem: the creation of a chimera, she says.

In that cause no one can fault the example of the duchy's royal family. Grand Duke Jean and Grand Duchess Josephine Charlotte have five children (one of whom, Marie-Astrid, is frequently rumored to be on the point of getting engaged to Britain's Prince Charles). Not the government but Jean's duty. Mary is the government's biggest ally. Mary is being entrusted with 50% last July, and family allowances are strongly weighted to favor larger families (\$20 a month for the first child, \$38 for the second and \$13 for the third). Under the Minister for the Family, Bernard Brey, spending on day-care centers has been raised steadily in the last four years, while family planning has languished. And there may be more to come as a package of other measures such as tax cuts and subsidized family housing.

The fight for our survival is the most important task facing the government and its associates. Says Thorn, his rallying cry: conjuring up images of the red-tailed owl march of the big bedouins. Appropriately, however, if he is to get his way it will be because of the power of his lie.

PHILIP GUNZALEZ



total pre occupancy. When a law was passed allowing homosexuals to join the police, Davis defied it. As for living with women and blacks "Brown's equal opportunity people won't be satisfied until we give a badge on a five-foot 10-inch man white cane."

Homosexual rights is a political issue in California this year. When a West Coast magazine suggested that Brown would be lion as a "honor campaign" branding term—on the basis of his unimpaired state—as a homosexual, the governor was asked to comment. He suggested "San Francisco's more concerned on that than we," and went on to complain that the former police chief had "investigated" his friend singer Linda Ronstadt.

Davis responded with a letter "Dear Jerry—I'm not investigating Linda. She

you can't say you're glad to have, however, that you have a girl friend. I'm sure your parents will be pleased also." /

It looks like a frumpy election-year role in the data which elected us governor, actor Rosalind Wiseman, vice up dancer George Murphy to the Senate and helped put Richard Nixon in the White House. If "Crazy Ed" were out to be California's toughest in national politics, an over-the-top be respected.

WILLIAM SCORSE

## ITALY

### Putting off the inevitable

For nearly half a century, the Christian Democratic Party had been like a vessel in the eye of a storm. "We are beating out our own ship," insisted Massimo De Cossato, a Christian Democrat deputy from Milan. "We are demanding our structure from the past and going to the Communists. It's time to say good-bye—enough—and face the crisis."

Last month, however, when the crisis finally arrived it was the supposedly radical, Christian Democrats who were calling the shots. Premier Giulio Andreotti's minority government fell after rejecting a Communist proposal for an emergency coalition to deal with Italy's ever worsening economic "crisis."

But when the Communists listed their price tag for supporting a new government— cabinet posts for Communists for the first time in Italy's history—they found no buyers. The (former) Christian Democrats were prepared to go to its off-

fer the Communists a sole in a majority coalition which would maintain the performance of a so-called Christian Democrat cabinet.

So having brought on the crisis, the Communist Party's charismatic leader Enrico Berlinguer made an embarrassing request: He dropped his demand for cabinet posts. What had happened?

Since the 1976 elections, when the Communists came within four percentage points of winning the Christian Democrats, the two parties have been like a couple sharing the same house without being married. While the Communists were glad to show their "responsibility" by not undermining the majority Christian Democratic government, and the Christian Democrats were glad of Communist support, neither party, for obvious reasons, wanted to formalize the union.

While the Communists were glad to show their "responsibility" by not undermining the majority Christian Democratic government, and the Christian Democrats were glad of Communist support, neither party, for obvious reasons, wanted to formalize the union.

Crucial was for the parties' strategies, however, the distance between the rank and file of both parties. Amid a growing polarization to right and left, the Communist are under attack from their very core—the workers—for not taking a more aggressive approach. They are having an even harder time trying to explain Berlinguer's soft-spoken of the traditional Marxist line—the firm line that a journey to power could come from the same line as Carlo's Salvadori Aldeide—now that it is so obviously backsliding. Hence the move which brought the government down.

The Christian Democrats, for their part, are being pressured by a resurgent right wing—democrats such as De Cossato who feel that enough of the ship has been burned up in the interests of survival. They want the public to have clear choices instead of the post-politics of compromise. And in left and right-wing students in Rome shouted the fall of Italy's thirty-month government in 35 years with Massimo Cossato it was becoming increasingly clear that the political leaders had little room to maneuver.

The Christian Democrats recently got a vote of support from a U.S. working against letting the Communists share in power. It was an overt act of unambiguity which could have costed. As Foreign Minister Arnaldo Forlani lamented: "This move helps us in a small but hell of a way." But Italian have the same love-hate relationship with Uncle Sam as they do with the Roman Catholic Church. They don't like the paternalistic heavy hand but neither do they like the prospect of moving into a Third World economic power.

Even more interesting are signs of a Catholic revival. After losing its campaign against the divorce law, the Vatican issued a victory against law which would grant a divorce abortion on demand. Anti-abortionists had so difficulty collecting one million signatures to prevent the passing of the law, and Catholic candidates in school districts for student parties tonight Communists did very well in the runoff last year. That's all the more significant since the Communists claim that history is their own.

Eventually, therefore, Berlinguer acknowledged that a snap spring election might be somewhat more profitable for the Christian Democrats, whose private surveys show them getting a 65 percent in the vote (in 1975) while the Communists would remain stable, mostly by picking up votes from the badly split anti-party and far-rightist liberals.

But sooner or later something has to give. Everyone knows that no election will so much solve the crisis than a continuation of the status quo. In the end, it must prove impossible to ignore the Communist 12 million supporters. As Ugo La Malfa, the Republican Party's leader, put it: "We cannot afford to regard 34% of our people as being outside the democratic system." ANGELO FERRANTE/DAVID WILKIN

## People

A lot of blame due to be "the new Rocky," or "the Rocky of '76," but the one that sounds most promising so far is David Joe Shawson, the story of a newspaper agent who loses his family in a fire, but the bonus, and then comes back—which could make it tough. The *Five Minutes of the Secret*. The star is **Burt Young**, who was nominated for best supporting actor in *Rocky* (he played the domineering manager, Tully's brother) but the other star who will be heard but not seen is Montreal-born **Maynard Ferguson**, one of the great trumpet players of the world. Ferguson will teach Young to finger the valves but he will play the music, backed by one band, but has already written original music for the film. At one point in the movie Young/Shawson must play drunk and badly. The producers asked Ferguson if he wanted somebody else to play the lonely



Shawson (left) and Young (right) are producing the Andrew Davis film this way?

corner to Warner Brothers and Parson as USA, with disapproval are not so rare. They are also seriously experienced. The Parson-Rosenthal Harris combination also played a microphone during the recording sessions. The Quotient Two

Of all the off-the-wall things **Pierre Trudelle** has said over the years, the most effective (in many Canadian) was undoubtedly the "Monday blues" doctrine. In the throes of the October Crisis in 1970, just after he'd evoked the War Measures Act, he said to news anchors: "The battle on national television... there are a lot of Monday blues around you just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is 'go on and bleed.' But it's more important to keep law and order in the society than to be worried about work-stopped people." / "Bleed then, asked the Prime Minister how far he would go. "Well, just watch me," was the reply. *Radio Canada*

Michelle, doing what comes naturally



them and still famous more than seven years later, in fact, it's possible to see right back. He's joined the Terry National Campaign Committee as co-chairman and director. For a long time, at least momentarily, 19 years of reporting the last news in CBS he's prominent. "I thought it was hard to get that guy (he's been known to use the word "banned" instead of "gay") but it might be just some action when they mouth it."

Despite the fact that the novel was written by Stephen King (Carver, Salazar's last said that the movie is being made by **Stanley Kubrick** (the *Shogun*, 2001) some people might be wondering what a guy like Jack Nicholson, who's a world-weary and now-Godard, is doing in a horror movie like *The Shogun*. What they can't realize is that Nicholson, before he came to prominence in *Easy Rider*, was once a star in *Five Easy Pieces*, was a horror film star. They weren't big-budget horror films like *The Exorcist*, *The Omen* or *The Shogun*, either, but forgettable—do it but grow later—excellent like *The Little Shop of Horrors*, *The Raven* (before Vincent Price), *Batman* (before Lee Remick) and *The Terror* (before Richard Kiley).

Andrew with U.S. President Carter (right) and Berlinguer (left) and some strange measurements



# Business

## Don't bother to watch for the Grand Re-opening

The sign on the door says "Closed for inventory," but no one's counting the merchandise at Dupuis Frères. At the end of January, the Rivest Bank of Canada refused to advance any more than \$6.2 million existing loan. The door of the store was closed, and after a desperate search for one million dollars in working capital and three million dollars in new permanent capital, the biggest French-Canadian department store declared bankruptcy early this month, throwing 300 employees out of work.

For years, the east-end store had served a loyal French-speaking market while at Eaton's, Saks Fifth Avenue, Macys (now The Bay) and Ogilvy's it was just an impostor to be served in French. But in the mid-80s, this was to change. Not only did the major department stores begin to advertise vigorously and serve customers in French, but Macys and J. Macys opened and whisked customers underground from the east and

north into what had once been virtually a foreign city for francophone Montrealers: the western, English-speaking part of downtown Montreal, with its traditionally English department stores.

Founded in 1888 by Nazaire Dupuis, Dupuis Frères was taken over by Montreal financier (and sometime fashion designer) Louis Lévesque in 1961. Then, in the late 80s, control passed to Marc Cormier, who led a large-scale expansion of the store.

However, this turned out to be the undoing of the firm. The new downtown store in the first End was not successful in drawing customers away from the West End, or in keeping customers who moved to the suburbs. The last year the store made a profit was in 1991, and, despite a major injection of capital in 1975, losses continued

to be as high as two million dollars a year.

For Montrealers, the bankruptcy was a bitter shock. Dupuis Frères was a beloved institution for many older Montrealers. Following on the heels of the Sun Life decision to leave the city, it was a reminder that Montreal's economy is shaky, and the heavy arguments in favor of Quebec's potential economic self-sufficiency was a long way from being self-evident. And the East End of Montreal, a potential target for government investment, was weakened.

However, financial analysts were not surprised. The three Montreal Dupuis Frères stores only had a total of \$35 million in sales, while the downtown Saks store had 300 million and the downtown Eaton's over \$60 million.

In a total department store market of \$600 million in sales a year, Dupuis Frères had only a tiny fraction.

"Dupuis Frères couldn't make a profit in the early 80s, when things were going well, when there were lots of customers with money to spend," commented Marc Kwelless of Sorbitt Thompson. "In 1978 and 1979, things were in a very difficult industry, there was the stag, and a recovery competitive. Along came the Metro strike, and then the La Presse strike, and it was only a matter of time."

An attempt at conservatism is not even Montreal lawyer Raymond Dugas is trying to put together a syndicate, that includes national publisher Pierre Péloquin, to reverse the name Dupuis Frères. Similarly, Quebec government spokesmen say the possibility of government intervention is being "studied," but that remains unlikely. For the moment, one thing is sure: Dupuis Frères is dead. GREGORY FRASER

### If you can't trust Al...

Last September, after Ottawa and Washington had sealed a deal on construction of a natural gas pipeline along the Alaska Highway, there was a lot of talk about jobs for Canadians on the project. "Nearly 100,000 man-years of employment would be generated by the project," boasted Deputy Prime Minister Allan Rock. "We're hiring 60,000 directly through pipeline construction and 31,000 more man-years created by indirect economic activity prompted by expenditure of pipeline-generated income." In Ottawa, the opposition usually expressed applauded the pipeline deal.

Now, however, in the government is sceptical to push the pipeline bill through



Rockwell (left) and MacEwen: this sign he had provided—or was that provided?

parliament, it has become apparent that these 100,000 jobs are just an ideal based on the most optimistic forecasts and not a promise. The bill will give the government the power to use Canadian labour in Canadian content in pipeline contracts, but MacEwen refuses to specify what the government views as a minimum beyond saying, "It will be very high." The opposition, particularly the New Democratic Party, is an impressed and votes in light of the bill's leader. If Rockwell wants an absolute guarantee of jobs for Canadians in the bill and says anything less, it would be a betrayal.

The government says the United States would not agree to job guarantees during negotiations last summer, and besides, they are not really necessary. Construction jobs on the portion of pipeline to be built in Canada will be protected by standard immigration rules requiring Canadians to have visas before working in Canada, and continues that the pipe itself will probably go to Canadian-made rails because they are generally considered to be more efficient than their American counterparts. The Canadian mills only ever lend some contracts for the portion of the pipeline to be built in Alaska says the government, although most experts acknowledge that this is unlikely. As any one says MacEwen, "We still believe that the target of 100,000 jobs is within reach."

Rockwell is faced with the prospect of a without that makes the 1996 pipeline somewhat look like a Sunday school picnic. The reference to 1956 has not been lost on the government. MacEwen says he wants to push the pipeline bill through parliament "as quickly as we can" but the government is unlikely to resort to closure as it did during the 1956 pipeline debate. This debate, over the trans-Canada natural gas pipeline, would have cost the Lib-



erals the government in the election the following year. With its election likely again this year, the Liberals will probably bill off on the pipeline bill if parliament balks at it. And that is, in many ways, a possible delay in the projected 1990 start-up date for the pipeline. GREGORY FRASER

### The not-so-ugly Canadian

It is rare for a multinational corporation to come from an ecological watchdog organization, especially when that multinational is in mining. Yet, that is what Montreal-based Alcan. Aluminum has been putting them in the last 10 years. Alcan's environmental protection group.

Alcan has just signed formal contracts for a \$500-million Alcan project in the first Republic. And although the Alcan plant in the west of Iceland was the object of distressed objections from the 1970s, Iceland's eco-blobby now takes the note that the Canadian company's employees.

A greenhouse model of Alcan's plant in Iceland, just the kind of people they are.

sons have greatly improved their environmental standards.

The Alcan plant in Iceland is built in the River Stokness. Even though that the local wildlife will be affected—Alcan has a lot of many Icelandic species of water fowl and birds for the major range of fresh water and freshwater. But the Irish authorities have decided to concentrate new industries on the Geopline Shannan estuary and Alcan has agreed that it will be a bonus reforestation operation will displace the surrounding Irish dairy farming land.

When the Alcan plant gets on stream in 1992, with a preliminary annual output of 300,000 metric tons of aluminum (revised rate to 2.4 million tons) it will only employ 100 people. But the Irish see the Canadian plant as a signpost that will bring other multinational companies in Ireland as a developing economy slowly started to serve the European Community Market.

However, it was not Dublin's foreign investment preoccupation that selected the government's objection. It was the steps taken by Alcan—while it is adding from the local authorities in Limerick. The feared "red mud" sludge residue will be carefully contained in a well-defined section of the 1,000-acre Alcan site, so it will not be washed into the Shannon, and once the red mud has settled, it will be covered with soil and seeded to become grassland. Sulfur content levels are to conform to agricultural standards, and a system of atmospheric emissions has been designed.

Fundamental to the anti-pollution system is a study recording the atmospheric and sediment conditions prevailing before Alcan starts work. Regular monitoring will show whether or not the plant is observing the 48 anti-pollution criteria now laid down.

An Alcan's only remaining gamble is that responsibility for policing the potential hazards rests with Alcan. The program group believes there should be an independent check on industry throughout Ireland. But at least, Alcan's checks will be made. GREGORY FRASER



You deserve a tort today



A busy advertising United of Unprofessionalists. They wish all are being paid in the United States (in Maryland and California, and some much more far-flung ones) as if it is a Chicago newspaper recently boasted "the world's most creative lawyer" are beginning to appear all over the United States. They are the result of a landmark decision late June by the United States Supreme Court in the legal profession's traditional and severely enforced ban on advertising. Last month the United Kingdom also lifted the ban. And if Vancouver lawyer Yee Stephens and Donald Labour have their way, Canada will soon follow suit.

The American and British movies came

The ad has been attacked by consumer groups for years. Thumbing through dozens of names in the Yellow Pages, says Lotz Rother, president of the Consumers' Association of Canada, "is a ridiculous way to choose a lawyer." Vancouver lawyer Vic Stephens echoes his sentiment. His belief that the law must be "demystified and made more accessible to ordinary people" prompted him to stage the first serious legal challenge to the bar in Canada. Last year he opened a storefront law clinic, Stephens & Wells, in downtown Vancouver. The clinic is now widely advertised in services, but when it announced methods (such as use of licensed "para-legals" workers) attracted media attention last winter and Stephens ended up on television, the provincial bar

Most law societies have tried to assuage the consumers' confusion by referring a lawyer by setting up telephone referral services at which citizens come to provide names of available lawyers. But the system seems to have confused rather than convinced non-lawyers. In one study, 60% of the callers to a law firm's hot line were unable to describe the law firm's location. The reason was the law firm's lack of a space for determining and recording specific skills. In theory, every lawyer is considered qualified to handle every facet of the law equally well. In fact, the complexity of the law makes this impractical if not impossible and means that the law firm's hot line is not a good one: an accreditation system is adopted, the law societies have no intention of allowing their members to claim, much less advertise, specific expertise. Events however may override the arguments that lawyers are entitled to a monopoly. As the public grows more sophisticated, it may begin to demand more from the lawyers—by their own words.

TERRY POLLOCK

Since Stephens' move, Donald A. Long, former ac Legal Services Commission chairman, has fired the dispute by becoming the first lawyer in Canada to risk advertising in a newspaper. The ad-

appear in Vancouver's January, announced the first offering "legal services" to low-income families can be left himself open so that could range from a success. Yet both Storey convinced that the has definitely served a victory for his. Storey believes that, as across the country will be a's looked on.

[illegible]

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# Travel

Ah, to be young and have the world before you

High-school corridors in British Columbia's lower mainland buzz with excitement these days about the event of the year: a two-week swinging singles party on Hawaii open to every graduate-year student able to scratch up \$499 for charter flight and hotel. Excitement mounts as well in high schools in Mackenzie, New Brunswick, over next month's holiday in Spain's Costa del Sol. And altogether, more than 20,000 students right across the country are gearing to take off in March for Europe, the Pacific islands and the Caribbean. They are part of the lucrative high-school travel market that has made 30-year-old King Margolis a remarkably successful young businessman. He directs promotion for BC's hard-sell Hawaii Pre-Grad years, and says business is so good 200 students have signed up that he plans to expand to Calgary, Edmonton and Toronto for 1979.

While Margolis may be the most astute and new entrepreneur in the field of "educational" travel (he comes right out and calls it that), he is far from the first to reap profits by getting the well-heeled young bodies of high-school students into airline seats. Though it was not until the late Sixties that firms with prestigious-sounding names such as Upper Canada Study Society started to tap the high-school travel market, this year a senior or so compares will bring in about \$15 million in little over two weeks, thanks to persuasive salesman teachers. Persuading just about every high school in the country is a network of teachers (2,000 this year) who earn five trips for the service by signing up 15 paying students and serving as chaperones overseas during the annual Easter or spring school break. Since a whole year's effort is geared to such a short period, business rates are high: if all goes well the student in the better-off, if it does not, he is the victim.

All has not gone well in the past few years. The brief history of spring break travel is strewn with the carcasses of once powerful companies. St. John's School of Canada, which pioneered the field, closed six doors in 1975—its debts of more than half a million dollars—just weeks after another point. The Society for the Study of the Heritage of Canada, most under debt of \$750,000 is perennial and federal grants. A year earlier, hundreds of students had lost funds when Cardinal Travel went bankrupt. Should a travel firm go under this year, however, students will get refunds from industry compensation funds—if they live in Ontario, Quebec or British Columbia, the provinces which



Canadian students in St. Peter's Square in Victoria, and Margolis (right), tripping out.

have been spared to subsidize travel industry activity since 1975. Yet Jeanette Allen of Student Travel Society argues that the licensing criteria are too loose to keep unreliable firms out of the marketplace. "Everybody takes more risks now," she says. "They know the fund is there to bail out the students."

Despite the financial hazards and the cost (\$600 to \$700 on average, about double five years ago) the number of student travel has grown steadily since this year, when bookings are down an estimated 20% to 35%. Explanations may lie in increased prices and high unemployment in cancellations by school administrators starting to ask more questions about trips sold to captive audiences in classrooms. For while circumstances that put out double the benefit students (who doubtless lose them) more and more trips are coming in on beach resorts and it is sometimes difficult to find an audience to-in International Cultural Exchange of Toronto is promoting the beaches of Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago by paying the expenses will make students more tolerant of Caribbean kids who turn up at school.

With high school travel coming under more scrutiny, companies and teachers are moving to protect their funds. In Ontario they have passed with school boards and



the education ministry (both want the field cleaned up and ground rules laid down) to set up a research and resource centre, the Ontario Organization for Education through Travel. One of its proposals is to get trips out of the break period and into the school year. A handbook on student travel distributed by the Ontario Teachers' Federation explains: despite "It is unfair to expect teachers to give up their vacations to take on such an arduous teaching chore as leading a study tour."

JOHN MARGOLIS



# Storming the ice palace

Refreshingly, they don't do it just because 'it's there'

By Tom Hopkins

It is 5 a.m. on an ice-cold January morning in Calgary. The weak winter sun will not appear for another 3½ hours, but four sleep-fogged drivers are slowly loading packs into a glitzy Ford window-van. The van's catalyst hangs suspended in an unusually perfect blizzard. Sounds are amplified by the icy air, exaggerating the squeak of leather boots on frost-hardened snow and the harsh clatter of a sun-drenched door. When the loading is completed, the van grinds down the driveway, passes along unlit back streets and bumps onto the Trans-Canada highway, heading west away from the coming dawn.

The four passengers ride in total silence, one driving, three curled sleepily into mounds of rucksacks and down-filled clothing. All four are climbers, more specifically, a rare-fied new breed called ice climbers and these passions in the present and perhaps the most beautiful of all the high-risk sports. By first light the climbers, Albi Beck, 34, Jim Elmgren, 23, Phil Hess, 36, and Mike Sawyer, 21, intend to be 180 miles up the

Buff-Upper Highway. Their destination is the "Wasping Wall," a 600-foot vertical cliff face with sheets of icy wedding-cake scales that are blasted by a road map of firm pale blue ice. They will climb this entire blue ribbon using special crampons attached to their boots like cat's claws and razor-sharp axes with drooped picks that, if used properly, lodge in the ice like nails driven into oak.

It is a young sport, ice climbing, born in the late 19th century at the ice palaces of northern Scotland and rising in popularity only recently with new, flashier climbing technology. Each climber this day will carry \$700 of gear to facilitate the long climb up the frozen waterfall, but even with the sophisticated equipment dis-

tances that usually take seconds to cover will stretch into hours. For ice climbing is definitely not a spectator sport, not do its devotees climb because it is beautiful or good fun. They do it because it is difficult—very difficult.

In the van concentration starts lightly as a lightening sky reveals the knife-straight highway slipping into the folds and creases of the Rockies. With the status poster of a deer jockey from a Salt Lake City radio

**Outrage (by himself), Beck and Sawyer believe that scaling the ice of the Wasping Wall will soothe the latter.**

Photo by Tom Hopkins



nation in the background, scolding-but honey-sweetened ice is pooled around And as screeled larks in the forest wide-down begin to reveal falling language of wondrous ice dipping toward the road, the Saki Lake announcer unwittingly chooses the ice climber's theme, a Paul Simon song ending with the chorus "Stop shiftin' away! You know the money you're drivin' me! The more you're slip-slidin' away!"



Two hours later and some 200 feet up the Weeping Wall, Jim Elings has stopped. Perhaps stopped is not the best word. He is *posed*, like a cat halfway up a fence post. He has moved diagonally out from a relatively flat ice bridge on the left of the wall to a column of smooth, featureless blue ice and now he is still perched only on the four steel teeth that put from his boots and lodge barely a half inch into the ice. His outstretched arms clutch two men that he has sunk into the ice. No part of his seated body contacts the ice except his nose, which sometimes brushes against the damp smooth surface. His labored breathing creates in the silence morning air. Below him, road level, Mike Sawyer, firmly anchored to the cliff by a metal picaxe, dangles into a crack in the rock, grips the rope attached to Elings's waist and watches, calmly taking on a frozen or, again, knowing that if Elings falls it will only be a few feet before the rope connecting them springs tight as it passes through the eye of a heavily threaded screw that Elings had tamped into the ice a minute before.

The scene over Elings's shoulder, the stark light and shadow on the North Saskatchewan River valley floor, created to him meaning at how below. Only the eight feet of blank ice fall surrounding

him, like the circular iris in a silent movie, is of any concern. Methodically he begins to work upward. The Austrian Salazar ice hammer swings and sets in the ice with an authoritative "whack." The American Forest ice in his right hand refuses to let. The brittle Rocky Mountain ice shatters—climbers call it "fission-plates"—under its blows and chips of ice cascade down into the patient Sawyer. Finally, the ice lodges

How Elings looks to the climbers below him (above) and Chlo Scott taking on the Cascade Waterfall near Banff (right) glissade/picaxe

firmly and Elings moves his crumpled boot—planting, not kicking, using every ragged bit of mountain ice supply. In this way, with the effortless economy of a dancer, he steadily negotiates the desperate vertical mosaic, checking back inaccessible vertical mosaic in a point slips out in a patch of white, smooth ice, but knowing the most difficult part of the climb this area, has passed. The ice above slopes to a relatively long, even 75 to 80 degrees. Ledges appear and perhaps now, for the first time in two hours and 120 feet of climbing, he will breathe more regularly, break the ice chips from his beard and spout into the stark colors of a Rocky Mountain afternoon the hard cobalt blue of the sky, the orange of the rope, the red and black of the three climbers waiting to repeat the route below all set against the dazzling white of the ice. He permits himself a brief smile before Sawyer's shivering comes and the lowering winter sun causes him to turn back to the mountain and continue his delicate ice dance to the top.

Much later, long after a whoop of pleasure has signaled the last climber has reached the waxy summit ledge (a 200-foot vertical upper section will be left for another day) and after the cooled ropes and ice screws have been sorted, the last climber

was a street toward Paul Hens's parents' resort in the Yoho Valley outside Field, as late afternoon glissade shows the tops of the mountains and the Weeping Wall climbs, joined by several others (the Hens cabin is something of an ice climbing colony, gather around a Plinkus wood stove in a common room decorated by fading alpine posters and books by legendary names in climbing: Hillary, Bonington, Staiger).

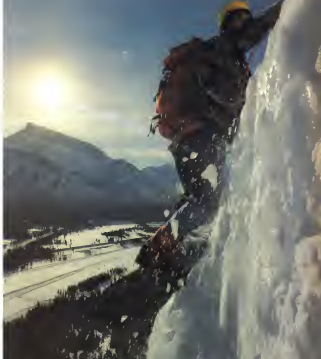
Conversation reveals them to be an odd crew (members include a scientist and personal secretary, a proposed expansion of the Lake Louise ski resort comes protected and angry comment), leaders (opper chutes needed around writing ice climbing how-to books, expedition financing and running ice climbing schools), and ice huts (few have steady jobs and those who do work four-day weeks).

Outside is the night exile of the wind they call the "Tcho blow," made there is only the falling hiss of a Coleman stove and the sweet smell of drying wool pants. After more discursive climbing talk (on other newly established ice climbing areas near Ontario's Dundas and Bancroft,

Shawbridge outside Montreal and the Mulhous area north of Quebec City) conversation is the presence of an outsider (usually turns to a question climber had both repellent and fascinating, the why of this exotic passion. A recent area on two's the 10th mile organized climbing season, up mountains out of some massive death with still has the ice men frozen. As a result, some ice comes slowly.

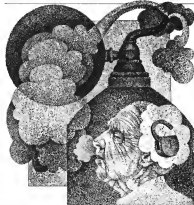
Chlo Scott, a veteran climber now 32, suggests ice climbing is good practice for serious climbing as high altitude (he, Hens and Elings are planning a 1980 Canadian attempt on Nepal's towering Dhaulagiri, the world's sixth highest peak). Others talk when provided about the beauty of the ice falls, the lack of water in the "real" world and living for little, not for death, but clearly it is difficult for them to say what motivates them. Others the words seem made up, other people's phrases used to fill a quick past need when parents and get friends asked justification for their somniferous pursuit.

But it becomes clear that at the level of these, Canada's best climbers, it's difficult to say and pride the past then up a 400-foot tower of glissading ice. Kinetic is merely a melodic as it is like a ray of seven ice in the afternoon sun at the top. "In the real," says Lawrence Skerrett, a born 28-year-old who is probably the best of the Canadian ice climbers, "the ice is passive. The test is with yourself!" ☐



# Medicine

Memories are made of this



It was one of those tragic fates. The two men were freezing when a suddenly the protective cap of one of the fish slipped off. Unaware of the danger, the physician continued until the heated weapon struck the opponent, pierced the brain's surface of the skull and slightly penetrated the brain. Months later, when the victim appeared to have recovered, there remained one peculiar feature in his behavior. He could not retain new information. The recent had lost his short-term memory and there was nothing the doctors could do about it. They could not hope to retrieve what had been forgotten when the very process of memory eluded understanding.

Although we have come a long way from the days when Aristotle believed the brain was an air-conditioning system for the cooling the blood, the governor of thought remains as enigmatic. The recent never retained his memory. He became a textbook example of amnesia. Yet there is now good reason to believe that disorders in the field of brain chemistry research, which recently pointed the cause of schizophrenia and depression on chemical

imbalance in the brain, may at last write some secrets from the most mysterious of our organs. Research from Belgium, Switzerland and Spain have tested a drug which revolutionizes memory in the young and appears to cure amnesia.

An experiment conducted in Belgium last year demonstrates that the brain hormone vasopressin improves fading memory in the elderly. Vasopressin, a water-soluble hormone first duplicated in the laboratory in 1950 is used to treat urinary diabetes (caused by a shortage of the hormone in the pituitary gland). It was not isolated until about five years ago that vasopressin might also represent a long-pagued secret. The pioneer work was done by Dr. David de Wied, a pharmacologist at Holland's Utrecht University, who found that rats' memories could be improved with dosages of the drug.

"We decided last year it was time to try on humans," recalls Dr. Jean-Jacques Legros of the University of Liege in Belgium. He headed a team of clinical psychologists who tested 25 former prisoners of war a year between 50 and 65 by adminis-

tering the drug—in the form of a nasal spray—to 12 of them and giving a placebo to the others. The co-rows infused the vasopressin at the placebo three times daily for three days. Before and after the experiment all 25 were given a battery of internationally recognized tests to evaluate memory, attention, concentration, learning and recognition. The result: "The 12 who had been treated with the drug scored significantly higher marks at the second attempt," says Legros, "while those who had been given the placebo sprays showed no improvement." Excluded one delighted vasopressin sufferer: "I've not enjoyed playing cards like this for years."

As if that experiment were not enough, other research indicates that the drug may play an equally dramatic role in removing the lost memories of amnesia. In Spain, a team of doctors recently reported extraordinary success with vasopressin in treating four amnesia patients. One of the patients, a 21-year-old man, had lost all recollection of his life for a period of three months before and after an automobile accident. Treatment with vasopressin quickly sent memories flooding back to him, but, by the end of a week of treatment, the six records would had been killed. Another accident victim, a 35-year-old man suffering severe amnesia, regained his memory and for the first time in six years could recall the ages of his wife and daughter, his wedding date and his work history.

How does vasopressin jog the mind? Doctors don't really know—except that, somehow, it allows the subject to when it touches the primary phase behind the eyes. "The next puzzle," says Legros, "is to prove it actually does something." Researchers have yet to prove whether the hormone actively interacts with memory circuits to improve their storage and retrieval capabilities, or whether it just gives the gray staff causing an increase in attention and arousal, thus sharpening the present's powers of concentration. So far, all that has been clearly verified is that vasopressin improves memory in the elderly. Regrettably, the hormone is not used as a memory enhancer. Legros says tests carried out on students at a hospital in Liege have shown vasopressin does nothing for younger minds. That help may be in sight for amnesia such as the well-known French. And the short-minded among us are free to fantasize about a time when a few quick sprays will clear up foggy memories—provided we remember where we left the nasal spray.

ALLAN RAYL PH.D. CHICAGO

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An idea whose time has come. Again.

# Show Business

Give the people what they want and they'll turn out for it

It was the coldest night of Brandon's long winter, a morning -30 degrees Celsius. Cash disappeared in the throat of their own exhibit, as though in search of some comforting warmth, and folks with any sense drove home, turned on the television, got in extra blankets on the bed and cancelled any plans for going outside again. But Western Canada did not submit easily to winter. They didn't get much, but they kept it, pursuing a round of social activity that stays for traffic lights, though rarely for blizzards.

On February 1, in the city's Red Oak Inn, the Cargil Grain Company's annual dinner went on as scheduled, the raincoat not noticeably affected by the weather. The weekly bingo game in the Keystone Convention Hall drew its customary throng of legal patrons. And not far away, at the Towne Cinema, the law began forming for the first evening since a full hour only, a line of old women and young girls dropping their hands repeatedly against the cold. By 6:45, when theatre manager Dave Fisher finally opened the doors, the lineup stretched far down the block, almost as far as Rosser Avenue. The women were waiting for the world premiere of

*Leopard in the Snow*, a Harlequin Enterprises production and the first Harlequin novel—more than 2,000 have been published—to be rendered into film.

Until 1958 when it started as first romance novel, Harlequin was a modest Winnipeg publishing company. Fiction, adventure, a little pornography—these were its staples. But the release of *Harlequin* convinced the company in a new direction. Five years later, all but one of Harlequin's titles were romance, paperback editions of hard-cover novels originally published in Britain.

All of the books were essentially the same, formulaic fantasies that generally ended happily ever after. Heroes were handsome and had money. Heroines were virtuous girls who fell easily in love with handsome men who had money. The morning, the chase, the romance—never changed. Still, even with reprint rights for the entire North American continent, Harlequin's financial statement throughout the Sixties showed barely a passing glance on Bay Street. Its 1970 after-tax profit was a mere \$110,000.

The man who turned Harlequin around, rescued and fulfilled its potential, was W.

Lawrence (Larry) Heisey, a Toronto marketing executive schooled in the traditions of Procter and Gamble, where he spent 13 years. Heisey joined Harlequin in 1971 and, although, like most men, he had trouble reading past the first chapter of the novels, he saw great commercial possibilities—expansion and diversification. Romance in the end was not underdeveloped, clean, neatly packaged, and used principally by women. Presumably, the same advertising techniques that made soap a multimillion-dollar industry could be refined to sell romance novels. Indeed, in one innovative campaign, Heisey had put Harlequin novels inside boxes of *Blue-Aid* laundry detergent. The product was almost irrelevant; what counted was marketing—research and strategy. Find the market, then pursue it; the formula seemed as simple as the plot line.

Heisey's innovations yielded unprecedented results. Record sales for one quarter were often broken the next. By 1972,

NOW A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE



Dulles and Pennington in the big love (not last). Get help (a) scene (below) and the book cover (above). But spawned it: love can be heck

# DODGE IS INTO PICKUPS LIKE CANADA'S INTO JEANS.

Today's jeans and today's pickups play a much broader role in our lives than ever before.

We dress up in jeans. We step out in pickups. Out to dinner. In to the office. Off to the airport. And as the role of the pickup has changed... well, so have Dodge pickups.

Oh, the hard-nosed,

no-frills Dodge pickup is still around. But there's a whole new generation of Dodge pickups. Like the Adventurer SE you see here. With optional dressy paint jobs and shiny chrome wheels. Slick chrome trim. Interiors with cushiony cloth-and-vinyl seating. Lots of little conveniences. And a list of options that would have

grandpa scratching his head.

There's a whole new generation decked out in jeans. And in love with pickups.

Fortunately, there's also a whole new array of Dodge pickups. Which you can buy or lease



at your Dodge or Plymouth dealer's.



CHRYSLER FINANCIAL CORP.

2001: more than 196,000 in 1970



profits had climbed to \$1.6 million. Every month—12 new ones every month—was a hot seller. The growth curve climbed exponentially. In 1974, 65 million English-language books were sold; two years later, the figure was 80 million; last year, 100 million (almost 26 every minute). Seven topped \$60 million: the Toronto Book Exchange, where Harlequin stock rose, split, rose, split and rose again. The Toronto Star bought 53% of the company and, in a period of sluggish performance by other assets, was kept buoyant by

several broadly. Two women from Market Place of Canada Ltd., the research company hired by Harlequin to find out what the people were and why they had come, were busy handing out a two-page questionnaire, those who filled it out were eligible for a draw offering free passage to a subsequent film. The questionnaires asked patterns where they had heard about *Leopard*, how often they went to the movies, their age, their sex and whether they read Harlequin novels—basic information needed to test the market. Follow-up

came to see a point, unadmittedly, unapologetically, low story. The tower grossed \$1,377 for the night and Dave Piche eventually considered holding the film over beyond its scheduled run.

No one was more delighted than Christopher J.F. Harrop, the film's 31-year-old coproducer, and the man who engineered Harlequin's resurgence plunges into the vicarious waters of the movie business. On behalf of the new venture, Harrop traveled 150,000 miles last year, and spent 150 days out of the country. He sold distribution rights to 12 different countries and brought the film—shot in Collingwood, Ont., and London, England—an slightly under its \$1.3 million production budget.

It was Harrop who determined that *Leopard in the Snow* would need an unconventional—for the trade at least—marketing approach. Instead of opening in a dozen major urban centers across the country and then filtering it into the rural markets over a period of months, Harrop felt *Leopard* would do better by starting in the smaller centers, where there was less competition for the entertainment dollar and where Harlequin readers were especially loyal. Within three weeks of its first-run premiere, virtually 98% of Manitoba would have been exposed to the film. This saturation technique was backed by a hard-sell advertising campaign and a soft-sell public relations round of media interviews.

Harrop knew, of course, that most film critics would come down heavily on the movie. The script itself is a collection of one-liner clichés, the music by Kenneth V. Jones, sounds like a poor imitation of Michel Legrand, the acting by 40-year-old Ker Dullea and British actress Susan Penhaligon has the resonance of petrified wood. What often such criticisms might have Harrop could not predict. "Some films have done extremely well on the lives of terrible reviews," he said. "And vice versa. To some extent we'd like to transcend the film by demonstrating that there is something to it. We think it will appeal to people who might not be regular moviegoers, people who don't want to see sex and violence or be misled by advertising. That's the promising thing about *Leopard* is that, in essence, people know what to expect from us."

*Leopard in the Snow* was everything it pretended to be and nothing more. Women loved it. The film differed a little from the novel, which many had already read, and which Ker Dullea would act in every moviegoer's image of the tall and handsome hero, yet the film clearly worked. The opening night crowd in Brandon even applauded at the end. A very informal *Manhattan* survey disclosed that nine out of 10 enjoyed the film and would look forward to another if it kindled in Vancouver, where the film opened February 3 in those suburban theaters, the results for Harlequin were equally heartening. At the Kings Theatre alone, where *Leopard* Star Warsville 13

Northrop's new engine flight tested prototype of the land-based CF-18L and the U.S. Navy F-18 multirole strike fighter



the continuing Harlequin phenomenon.

The company expanded, first to Europe and later to Asia. The novels are now published in 16 languages. It also diversified, moving profitably into learning materials and magazine publishing and (in its only significant foray to date) into science fiction novels, which have now been discontinued. Ironically only logical that with Olsson's generous tax concession to Canadian film makers, Harlequin should eventually turn its attention to the movies.



Peggy the longest running production crew and Harrop (above) for no-bulls only

phone calls would demonstrate response to the film.

*Leopard in the Snow* had been booked for a week's run: two showings every night. Piche's average gross revenue for a week was \$5,000 for a typical film. A better-than-average result on opening night figured well for the new no-days. However, the turnout for Harlequin's world premiere was much better than average. Of the 297 seats available for the 7 p.m. showing, 278 were sold, most of them to women so engrossed in the film that they forgot to remove their fur coats. (Perhaps 5% of the audience was male.) The second showing brought another 195 patrons. On the cold night of the run, almost 500 people



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weeks, more than 500 filmgoers turned up on opening day.

Not everything Murray planned worked perfectly. A last-minute decision to hold matinees in the Kops yielded only 35 patrons on the first afternoon. And in north-western Ontario, where many communities receive only one television, the advertising campaign backfired because the ads were bought on a TV affiliate station. In Fort Frances and Arthurs, less than 40 people turned up for the opening showings—dramatic evidence of the impact of television penetration. (Harris moved screenings to earlier than by buying 20 "spots" on air during the following week.)

Still, he's not grumbled by the results. "We'll only be disappointed if we don't see how much we're out to learn who likes the film and why. Have we hit the target group? Did the film reach their expectations? If not, why not? We'll never make a film with universal appeal."

Nor did Walt Disney—and his studio still claim not to conflict his efforts. Harris says they are for the same. A second movie, *Island of Dreams*, is now in pre-production. Screenplay for three others (one, Murray claims, being written by a Canadian) are also in the works. The potential seems limitless: new era exchange movies, in television, a *Backstage Pass* weekly TV series and—guided by the tale of new technology—home video versions of *Backstage Pass*. The third concept

Penelope, Duff and Peggy in a publicity shot for the film. Will we join the ladies?



To the artistic personality, such societal protest and future may be inspiring. At any level, *Backstage Pass* is not about art or commerce. It is about making the telling of adult fairy tales to a lineup of readers and moviegoers that extends up to Roney Avenue and beyond, just where the eye can see.

MICHAEL POMER

# Television

## Future shocker

The prime minister's wife assumes a futuristic pose on top of the bed and tells her husband-to-be how there is a plan to replace him. Today is tomorrow and the words of both that crazy minister and a powerful political enemy jangling together. As the curtain has been lifted under his tolerance for the findings of a futuristic mind—his, his, not yours. Messes, so you think this means a conspiracy.

It does, but not quite in Richard (O'Connell, *Exorcism*, *Endless A.R.*) Roberts' role. It's television's two-hour, \$400,000 Ontario-Belmont-Closed-Door version of *Separation* ("... secret remains of power, where politics come first—and people second") wisely evades the under and over for people instead of the "cardboard characters" that executive producer Gerard Rothman frankly admits "made dull reading." *Separation* is destined for a commercial-free first showing (February 27) on the CTV Network's Toronto affiliate, CTV, and will presumably be aired later on the national network. In *Separation* (see line preview) as *Ashe* withdrawal of \$10 billion from British banks after Britain refuses to stop trading with Israel and the disastrous effect this has on the British economy calls for an immediate induction in the population. Two million of the unloading capital will enter Canada—but not, by god, if Quebec can help it. The French-Canadian reaction is a possibility. "If you want these people, I'm leaving."

In Roberts' hands, the novel was a dramatic exploration of what might ensue if Quebec and Canada did actually come to the point of having to work out a separation agreement. How do we split the cash? Will there be common duties? An increasing concern but, as writers, not likely to give anyone has to their roles despite Roberts' obvious commitment to the theme of international unity (a beautiful *Ashe* movie) comes out in a truly serious nature as a French citizen.

The book did, however, excite CTV's John Bauer, who suggested to executives of Glen Warren Productions, CTV's television programming machine, that as *Separation* they had a great outline that would allow them to jump into the current drama-movie craze sweeping the United States—(*Home*, *Body and Soul*)—with an all-Canadian theme aimed at a semi-happy audience.

"Now is a great book," says producer Rothman. "People want it because they can relate to it. So you give them an experience based on some fact and a hell of a lot

of speculation. Of course, it would also have to have some social merit, but that's not my real issue. I hate messages."

Rothman also made sure it was not that much of the speculation on songwriter Sandy Stern's freedom involved the interviews between the Canadian politicians and their wives. ("Could you just tell us we got home?" asks Prime Minister



Alexandra Brenner as the beautiful *Ashe* (arrived): never leaving a child-unborn

Joseph Kessel) when his wife pulls her into the bedroom of the house in which they are party guests. Stern has also expanded Roberts' French citizen sequence into full-blown foreign intrigue and as a national push, the film's secretary is played by Loui Mandel—Miss Moneypenny of James Bond fame.

Through all this possibility runs the reality of some of the most problems facing the country—and whether *Separation* succeeds as television drama or not (some of the acting is weak, some very good), it will be in the crisis of *Block* and Rothman that they have at least presented those problems in a way that many Canadians, startled by a prospect in the recession threat, will be able to stomach along with their TV tanks.

And no one can argue about the timing. "*Separation* is not," as Rothman says, "something that can sit on the shelf for 10 months."

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# Only in Canada, you say? Pity (cause you can't get there from here)

Column by Allan Fotheringham

There's the story about the couple in London who, with 16 children being evacuated due to German bombs, shipped their two children to stay with relatives in Vancouver. "They're heading at some place called Halifax," said their wife, "please sweet them to the dock."

The return was from Vancouver continued the classic geography lesson: "Meet them yourself. You can't get there any way."

The poor kids are to be forgiven for their understandable ignorance of this strange, fresh-air country that is 4,000 miles wide and basically 200 miles deep. They're foreigners. The galling thing is that the millions of Canadians do not seem to appreciate the vastness of this land. (Why should they? They seldom budget.) That's for only one reason that can be drawn from the ludicrous policies of the Canadian Transport Commission that have kept domestic air fares higher than international ones. It's cheaper to fly from Toronto to London than to visit Aunt Ethelreda in Vancouver.

It's one of the reasons why this enormous country is in danger of flying apart: the fractured regions in that not-encouraged-by-Ottawa airline policy—to travel shorter rather than more seriously. Thus the north-south links are strengthened while east-west barriers go up. Toronto and Montreal fly to Florida and the West Indies, Peace River head for Arizona, British Columbia go to Hawaii and California. There's even a jet-jet weather: it's more economical. This must be the only country in the world where the government stands aside while national air policy severely discourages domestic travel.

How "attractive is Ottawa?" Public demand for domestic changes (once international aviation have revolutionized air travel) was opposed before the CTC by Air Canada and Air West supported by Waskar, the big Edmonton-based entrepreneur. And the result? The CTC reluctantly gave in to the demand—and gave the nod to Air Canada and Air West, while denying it to Waskar. But only when the Canadian Association of Canada got into the act did the nervous Liberal cabinet, to the dismay of Waskar, order the CTC to let Waskar in too. (The CTC is independent, except that it isn't.) It's a tentative concession with the government giving way to public demand.

The two major airlines claim their won't be that much demand for a 40-day booking, proving you a return fare for the price of a single trip plus \$34, between any two points more than 700 miles apart. The air

is sure. I suspect you could fill several jumbo jets full of supertour Ontario and ac debunks who would like to pay their child-led restaurant of Saskatchewan and in spring the parent water in the world, the water that reflects in shallow ponds in wheat fields. The ponds are the reflected blue of the surrounding Prairie sky and are always scalloped by little ripples from a breeze, origin unknown.

There is the bar—long forgotten—of telephone wires in the silence. One has forgotten there is such silence anywhere. In summer, the road in front of a car auto solo liquid with the heat haze. One does not need a microscope to note ahead can be divided in positive parts, the whole part



lines of two-off telephone poles providing a key to where the roads intersect. In the distance, the road soon can be directed from the watering forests of two great elevators that disperse and mix through the heat.

I suggest someone from the West would find useful a look at St. Jean Perle, one of those postcard cover towns out toward the Gulf, with thin slivers of farms and road marching perpendicularly from the river, right out of the history books. Vision from the horizon is unobstructed to the south-west horizon, flat, unannounced and grows thoughtful at the horizon in St. Lawrence wraps Canada to the sea.

Learn mention the soothing beach, which dwarfs Waskar in size, at Shedin, New Brunswick, one of the quiet wonders of this modest province. Or the view in the autumn from, say, about Ludlow, across the Miramichi River (not to be confused with the Rensselaire, the Wapikahagane the Upland, the Kouchibouguane or the Tobique) (p).

The very best view in Alberta, if you ask me, is from the town of High River, which opened Joe Clark and is such a descriptively 10 miles from the nearest city, in the middle of the Rockies that innocent tourists, looked by their eyes, have actually set out to visit the "several miles" in the seductive range. It is one of the historical oddities of our time that John Coats, Mr. Trudeau's principal secretary, comes from 15 miles down the road (Ontario, Alaska, forest of "Canada's Finest Drinking Water" Coats never washes the staff.)

I can tell you about the key fishing village in Newfoundland where the children are like wild ponies and the trees grow no bigger than vegetables and the main course is from the sea with nothing, and as a zoologist named Elliott Lytton writes and welcomes any visitors. It would surprise most Canadians, who think of the Pacific as a gentle Sabana, that it should be with water. That would be Manitoba and one of the more experiences of our time is floating along the Red River, above Winnipeg up to Jellison, in a huge paddle steamer on a spring evening, a live Prairie schooner in full flight.

For Ontario I would pick Mississauga, one of those never-changing towns east of Peterborough. Solid, square brick houses with maple streets, generous trees sheltering the sun, a town out of Norman Rockwell—epitomizing all that is Ontario, conservatism, moral, subtle, endearing life.

I have never been to Prince Edward Island, but I understand they have potatoes. I've never met a potato I didn't love.

The most beautiful in Nova Scotia, to tell the truth, is Henry Street, a scribbler who lives in Halifax. He is so grateful to see anyone from New Brunswick, or Miramichi, that he will give you a drink. Tell him I sent you. In St. John's, the most beautiful view north of Lunenburg is the vista out of the window of the beer parlor in a small hotel in a town called Kaiti, out across Kouchibougué Lake. There is a light on the Okanagan Valley, on the highway between Kelowna and Vernon, a hotel a picture in a high cliff gives the first glimpse of Kouchibougué Lake which, for some reason arranged by God and the local board, creates bands of purple and blue and green from the rocks underfoot out of the most amazing lakes in the world.

All this, I would suggest, is worth as much as any resident who does not live in a secluded town in Aunt Harlow's cottage. But Ottawa being intelligent undoubtedly knows better.

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